5 Vol A/A

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Very Entaining - Exhibiting the manners &c of the day -

by Felix Macdonogh

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THE

HERMIT IN LONDON;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

VOL. I.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses usages.

BOILEAU.

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THE

HERMIT IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

. . . . . Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.
HORAT.

THE

HERMIT IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

It was remarked by my immortal predecessor, the Spectator, that a reader seldom perused a book with pleasure, until he knew whether the writer of it was a black or a fair man; of a mild or cholerick disposition; married, or a bachelor; with many other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author: and, since he made the observation, it has been so often repeated by those who have attempted to tread in his steps, that nothing remains for me, but to

subscribe to its truth, and proceed accordingly to put my readers in possession of such facts relative to myself, as may give them an interest in the papers which I intend to lay before them in the ensuing pages.

Suppose to yourself, then, gentle reader, one whose years have imperceptibly rolled on in drawing-rooms, in parties, and in what is called the world; whose looking-glass now begins to cause unpleasant reflections, and whose hair reminds him of the utility of such men as Mr. Ross in Bishopsgate-street, and Mr. Bowman in New Bond-street. Such is the author of these pages: too old to be an *Exquisite* or a *Coxcomb*, yet neither old enough, nor wicked enough, to sigh over, or to frown upon, the past. He can now not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but sit by calmly, and observe the present day, without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity.

It may easily be conceived that such a man must have seen and felt all the enjoyments of life. With these his account of the past must necessarily be filled; nor would

it be possible for him to vegetate in the seclusion of woods and forests, or to become the solitary of a desart, or of a monastic retreat. A time however must come, when the fire of youth will decay; though, with such a man, the warmth of friendship succeeds to the flame of love, and the glow arising from a relish for society, survives the ardent pursuit of pleasure.

Such a man will certainly be the little hero of his tale; but he will neither be fastidious nor querulous, and although he may be somewhat prone to telling his own history, yet will he have so far derived benefit from his intercourse with fashionable society, that he will have learned how to listen, and how to observe. There will naturally be rather more distance and retirement in his habits, even though remaining in the very midst of the world, than there was when he was an actor, instead of a looker-on; but such a man's retirement is the corner of a well-filled drawing-room, a niche in a reading-room, the back row of an Opera-box, behind a sexagenary duchess, unenvied, and almost

unobserved; or in the deep shade of an umbrageous tree in St. James's Park.

A *Célibataire* more from chance than from determination, he has no domestic concerns to perplex him, no wife to promote or to impede his welcome in the gay world, no train to carry after him, no addition to his unity in an invitation card, and he is therefore more easily provided for, and more generally invited than a family man. Without assuming any peculiar merit, a well dressed and a well-bred man, whose face is become common at parties, *bien composées*, will be asked to one place merely because he has been seen at another, where the same class of society moves; and thus must the scenes of high life multiply infinitely to him in the course of years, making up an almost imperceptible experience. A beautiful young unmarried lady can with safety honour his arm, as the companion and protector of her morning walk, without fear of exciting either ambition or passion in his breast, or of raising jealousy or uneasiness in the bosom of a more favoured swain. The flaunting married

woman of quality can take such a man in her carriage to make the round of her morning visits, or to kill time by shopping, without fear of wearing out his patience, or of furnishing chit-chat at some distinguished *conversazione*, where the tongue of scandal might have canvassed the connexion and society of a younger Cicisbeo. He may also be consulted as to dress, with implicit trust in the sincerity of his advice; and he may be allowed to witness a tender glance, a hand pressed, or a significant look given to a more youthful beau, without fear of rivalry, or any risk of scandalizing him.

A *Donna attempata* will sit with him in a morning deshabille, having no designs upon him. An *Exquisite* and a *Ruffian* will unrestrainedly play off their part before him, considering him as a good-natured, gentleman-like old fellow, or, in other words, a cypher in the busy scene of high life. Lady Jemima's "At Home," or Mrs. Alamode's "Fancy "Ball," must be numerously attended; and men like him are precisely the materials for making up the corner figures of the belle

assemblée. "Hand me to my carriage," an angry belle will say to such a man; and to him she will recount her disappointments and disgusts, the coldness of a favourite,—the flirting of a husband,—the neglect with which she expected not to meet,—the killing superiority of a rival,—the untimely giving way of the lace of her corset,—the mortifying bursting of the quarters of her satin shoe,—her loss of temper or her loss at play,—an assignation which calls her away, or vapours arising from the dissipation of the preceding night.

If such a man see, and observe not, it must be his own fault; for, no longer blinded by his passions, nor quitting the world in disgust, he can reason upon the past, correctly weigh the present, and calculate thereby what may occur in time to come. Life is a drama more or less brief; with some gay, with others insipid,—all men are actors of some part or other, from the prince on the throne to the little tyrant of his domestic circle,—nor is it given to those actors to see and learn themselves, but only to those who, like

the Hermit in London, occupy a seat in the stage-box, and are the calm spectators of the piece.

Whilst the fashionable novels (for, alas! nothing is so fashionable as scandal) are hewing away, *à l'Indienne*, on every side, and cutting up, not only public, but private characters; it is the intention of the following pages to pursue an intirely different plan, namely, to strike at the folly, without wounding the individual—to give the very sketch and scene, but to spare the actor in each; so that, upon every occasion, personality will be most sedulously avoided. To blend the useful with the laughable, and to cheat care of as many moments as possible, are the chief and favourite views of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° I.

ENTERING A ROOM.

Αρχὴ ἡμισυ παντὸς.—HESIOD.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.

ENTERING A ROOM.

WHATEVER a man is accustomed to do, he will do with ease; and ease is grace to a certain degree, at least there can be no grace without it. Yet the very same person who performs every thing to which he may have been habituated, in the most becoming manner imaginable, will perhaps feel the bashfulness of a school-boy, or the awkwardness of a rustic, if unexpectedly called on to appear in a character entirely new to him. Thus we shall see a player get through his part with all the eloquence of passion, aided by the most impressive gesticulation; yet if it fall to his lot in the course of the evening to deliver an apology to the audience for some disappointment in the appearance of a brother performer, or some alteration in the

amusements, his fluency deserts him, his carriage becomes constrained, and he very likely feels himself almost as much at a loss in addressing the spectators in this extemporaneous manner, as the major part of them would do, if required to leave the boxes at a moment's warning, and "fret and strut their hour upon the stage." Behold, in the same manner, a clergyman enter the pulpit, whence he is accustomed to exhort an admiring and attached body of parishioners. How calmly he looks around on them! with what ease he opens his discourse! with what facility he proceeds! How readily he confutes the objections which, for the moment, he supposes to be raised against the doctrines he is advancing! and how ingeniously he winds up his arguments, precisely at the moment, when he is aware that they have produced the full effect which he intended, on the minds of his congregation! Yet let this very same preacher be called on to give his evidence in a court of justice, or his opinion at a public meeting, on matters unconnected with his profession, and it is

probable that an attorney's clerk, or an intelligent farmer, would speak with as much perspicuity, and more to the purpose. Place a man whose life has been devoted to the study of the fine arts, among a set of merchants talking over their speculations, and how silent he will sit, in all the amazement of ignorance, whilst they discuss the value of Russia or of India produce; of hemp, tallow, and iron; cottons, sugars, or dye-stuffs. In return, bring him who has never studied any thing but the prices current, and the list of exports and imports, into a party of connoisseurs, and what will become of all the commercial knowledge, and the correctness of calculation which has gained him the reputation on 'Change of a shrewd man, and a good man? He will find small hope of making cent per cent of his capital, by studying the *beau idéal*, and the *chiaro oscuro*, and the breadth of light, and mass of shadow, and the draperies, and grouping, and effect, which excite such admiration in the party among whom he wanders about, impatient and bewildered—angry at the

unprofitable nature of their discussions, yet ashamed to show his ignorance of them, and devoutly wishing himself boxed up in his counting-house again, among his clerks, or reclining at his ease on the benches of his favourite coffee-house, where his countenance is watched as a kind of index to the probable averages of the markets.

It follows, then, that in order to appear to the most advantage, we ought to be seen in the place which we have been the longest accustomed to fill: and it is perhaps from a little anxiety respecting myself, on this head, that I have been led into the foregoing reflections. A first appearance as an author is a tremendous undertaking: however, he that ventures on it may have been used

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

or to lay down the law with more certainty of success, and less fear of contradiction, on a matter of taste, in a lady's *boudoir*. It is one thing for a man to fix the eyes of a fashionable circle upon his dress and figure, and another to fix the eyes of the public

upon his works. The remarks that may excite most enviable peals of laughter in an elegant drawing-room, may be read with phlegmatic rigidity of muscle in the corner of a bookseller's shop, particularly if the day should happen to be damp and foggy; and the criticisms which sound vastly acute and erudite, as delivered from a stage box at the theatre, or in Fop's Alley at the Opera, may be criticised, themselves, as sufficiently vapid, when they fall under the lash of critics by profession, instead of being re-echoed by pretty *savantes* at one of the numerous *conversaziones* which this age of intellectual improvement has established, in order to perfect us in the ancient art of talking, which, it should seem, we have been too much accustomed to consider, hitherto, as a mere matter of amusement.

Dangers and difficulties are, however, the price of honours, whether they be such as the hero or the saint aspire to. Behold me, therefore, gentle reader, a hermit by choice, an author at your service, and only solicitous to know what topic I can fix on for the open-

ing of my lucubrations, so as most to minister to your entertainment.

There is something so awkward in choosing a subject for the first time! It is like first entering a room—which, by the by, is one of the most difficult things in the world, to accomplish in a graceful and prepossessing manner. There are a thousand ways of doing it—And why not remark upon some of them? An excellent thought! "What shall I write upon?" said Cowper to his fascinating friend, Lady Austin. "Write upon the Sofa, to be sure!" she replied: and from her lively equivoque arose that delightful poem of "The Task," than which I will not pledge myself to my readers for any thing much better in the whole course of the following pages. This was all owing to seizing a first thought,—an impulse; and as Cowper was of the Hermit-species himself, though somewhat of a different class from the Hermit in London, being a follower of Heraclitus, instead of Democritus, I cannot do better than take him, in this instance, for my example; and if I so far imitate him as

to make the most of the moment whilst the impression is warm, for expanding the idea which is uppermost in my mind, I shall waste no further time in deliberation, but immediately proceed to analyse some of the various modes of entering a room.

In no situation are we more prepossessed by the expression of countenance and by the general figure, than when a person first enters a room. It is, in some measure, like a scenic representation; and we are prepared, however unjustly, to applaud or to disapprove the character, unexamined and unheard. I have so often sat myself down, like a statue, in the corner of a drawing-room, that I have had good experience in this way; and, close observer as I am, and albeit neither dazzled from inexperience nor inflamed by youth, yet to the prepossession for or against, I have, involuntarily, very frequently given way.

Modesty blended with dignity (a beautiful point, most difficult to hit) has always won my vote in favour of the possessor; and yet I am aware that a consummate courtier,

a high-bred, finished gentleman, a travelled man of fashion, endowed with observation and with imitation, can assume this character perfectly and successfully. The grave, gloomy, eye-averted and brow-dejected man, the man who hastily enters the apartment, and fain would say to one behind him "Shove me in, that I may get over these odious ceremonials," appears a suspicious guest. You say to yourself, "We shall never get acquainted, 'tis no loss; I do not wish it; he is a stoic, a cynic, a sceptic, a fellow of long head, perhaps, but selfish; he would cheat you in a bargain; 'tis pride or meanness which makes him shy." Whilst every interchanged look and word with the former is like a wish "to our better acquaintance."

But besides these extremes, there are various ways of entering an apartment, divers characters assumed at that moment; many modes of expressing, by the very look and bow, what rank in society the person holds, who thus appears on the scene,—and not only his rank in society, but the estimation

in which he is held in the very circle of which he now forms a segment, or a component part, and in which he has a character to play, very frequently, for that night only,—I say night, because I allude to a dinner party, which, in high life, always takes place at night, as the breakfast is the repast of the afternoon, and the morning call, or ride, is an evening amusement.

One character enters with dignity and with an assumed condescension; which is pride in a fancy dress. The bow bends little, it says "I am come,—not very late neither; I might have sent an apology, but I am come, to confer honour, and to be praised." The smile means, "I greet ye all; be seated; I shall show no superiority amongst you, but make myself uncommonly pleasant."

Another enters with a briskish step, usually accompanied by "I fear I am late; I had not an idea of the hour; I hope I have not kept you waiting very long." This person looks round for smiles, for acknowledgements; bows rapidly and circularly; squeezes his host's hand; steps boldly, but respectfully,

up to the lady of the house,—sometimes shakes hands with her; fidgets, as it were, until he is brought into play; then *attitudes* himself for a moment, and casts a beam of mirth around him. This is either one who is whispered all round the room to be a pleasant fellow, a wit, a table light, one who will be looked to for a joke at dinner, one whose attic salt is to give a relish to the feast; or he is a character, for whom all are prepared; or lastly, he is the friend of the family, or a young, not overbearing patron.

A third lounges in, and lisps and drawls out his answers; holds one finger to his landlord, as if loth to be too kind; and bows to the lady of the house as if an *exquisite* was the very gas of a brilliant circle, and as if he felt that he must be every where welcome. Very little interest is created by such a doll, which is importantly to fill a chair, in all the plenitude of emptiness.

A fourth bashfully hangs back; enters slowly; waits to be met, and to be brought forward in the circle; directs his glance and the profound inclination of his head to the

host and hostess; taking his chance for gaining friends afterwards by gentleness, obliging attention at table, and humility; or perhaps looks meekly at the donor of the feast, and glides away into a corner, into the embrasure of a window, or a situation remote from the foreground figures of the picture. This character you may set down for a man of modest worth; perhaps an artist, one who is there for the first time, or else an unfortunate *protégé*, a voter at an election just secured, or a poor relation.

Lastly, we may observe a very quick-stepp'd, over civil, circularly smiling, wise looking, mysterious eyed, obsequious, grave dressed man in black, with a sufficient number of seals and rings, white hands, and often with a powdered head, canvassing every eye for notice; who will applaud every thing which you say, laugh before the joke be concluded, often look at his watch, be called out, or take French leave. This is either an author of doubtful rank, a clergyman of somewhat too complaisant habits, or the physician of the family.

There are a hundred other kinds of entrances, too tedious to mention. I have however confined myself to men only; as female fascinations speak for themselves, and as all women in high life enter a drawing-room in pretty much the same way, a little more or less consequence, a little more or less diffidence, free from *mauvaise honte*, being the only shades of difference; at least all the others are so minute as to have escaped, hitherto, the penetration even of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° II.

A PATRON.

Tu proverai si come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale. DANTE.

PATRONS, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters:—some of them were heard
To read off hand, and never spell a word;
Our Patrons are of quite a different strain,
With neither sense nor taste; against the grain
They patronize for fashion's sake—no more!

CHURCHILL.

A PATRON.

Genius, like the beautiful flowers which adorn the garden, requires culture and the sun of patronage. Without these, however rich the soil, it will pine and wither in the shade of neglect. Some talents there are, like those of the immortal Burns, which may be considered as field flowers, as the mountain daisy, cheerfully "glinting forth" "above the storm," or the wild violet, which "wastes its sweetness on the desert air." But these are few in number. For the most part, where genius puts forth the blossoms of promise in a young mind, some kind patron—a nobleman, a clergyman, or a man of science, not unfrequently the honest

school-master of the village, cultivates the tender plant, by bestowing education on the growing capacity; and, at a future period, it depends on the great for support, and for being brought to maturity.

There is not indeed a nobler office, than that of patronizing talent in every branch. It is often done from the purest motives of philanthropy, and a love for science; but still oftener from pride, or from the desire of flattery; for, not unfrequently, a laboured panegyric, or a florid dedication, will advance the author's fame and fortune more rapidly and more effectually than seven years' literary labours, or than *gli più belli concetti* of the poet, or of the artist.

Protégés are of three classes,—the man of talent, author, artist or professional man,—the useful man who, under the title of a secretary or an humble friend, writes his patron's letters, publishes something in his name, makes his speeches for him, and directs his mind, when obstinacy or self-sufficiency do not mar his good intentions, —and the paltry shade of quality, the in-

trusted dependent on rank and power, who makes himself a jackal to an ass, instead of to a lion. This last character is too contemptible for remark; while the other two are praiseworthy for their exertions in the field of wisdom, though often to be pitied for the sacrifice of independence at the shrine of imperial ignorance, or of illustrious haughtiness. Talent, however, ought surely so far to elevate the possessor, that the man shall become ennobled by the bright gem which he wears in his mind; as we often see titled insignificance raised into importance from the lustre of decorations, by which alone the owner is recognized and acknowledged.

Many of our nobility and of our rich men are fond of being the patrons of men of abilities, whether foreign or native. That those who encourage the former, often do it out of affectation, it is not unfair to suppose: to the protectors of the latter, credit ought to be given for sincerity, until they forfeit it by their conduct. Of this number is my Lord *Do-little*. He has always some *protégé*

with him, and nothing can flatter him so much as to recommend any one to his patronage; but his protection is not that which impairs his fortune, or narrows the source of any other of his enjoyments. His Lordship's patronage floats in a cup of tea, or appears by its object being permitted the honour of sitting at the foot of his table. It rewards by his distinguished condescension in leaning on the artist's arm, or by his allowing the poet or the historian to occupy a back seat in his carriage.

The *protégé* of this nobleman may hope to be elevated by being introduced to people of the first rank and fashion; but it will be only by name, and his vanity may enjoy the same unsubstantial feast on being familiarly nodded to, or shaken by the hand, if met in public, by his Mecænas. So fond, however, is Lord Do-little of this patronizing system, that you never meet him unless supported by an author or an artist; nor ever visit him without seeing modest merit in a neglected corner of his room; whilst he is reading letters of recommendation in favor

of some one who seems panting after the very lot which Cowley so forcibly expresses his abhorrence of, when he says—

"Is there a man on earth I ought to hate?
"Attendance and dependence be his fate."

More than one man of letters has waited on his Lordship's walking and talking hours, until he found his money spent, and his wardrobe worn out, by living without turning his talent to account, in hopes of the peer's putting him in the way of doing so; and by dressing for dinner, or, more frequently, for a morning walk (to the great destruction of boots), in company with the great man whose shade he was. And more than one artist has lost his time, and forfeited opportunities of benefitting himself, whilst listening to the encouraging conversations of the peer, attending his levée, and expecting some sapient suggestion, or powerful interest which might introduce him to royal patronage; or at least insure his celebrity with the public.

My friend Dr. Dabble is a very differ-

ent patron. Made an LL.D. at an early period, and gifted with a fine estate, he has set himself up for the promoter of learning, and the Patron of Science; but his patronage is not the mere warmth of a tea-pot, nor does it evaporate in a morning walk, nor can it be covered by a plate at table. He deals in solids — extracted, however, not from his own pocket, but from the paper currency, or the metallic substances of his friends and acquaintance. It is dangerous to meet the Doctor unless you have money about you for which you have no use; for his pockets are crammed with addresses, prospectuses, tickets for benefits, and plans or drawings of some architectural pile which is destined to rise from the earth; whilst his house is like an auction-room for antiques, statues, paintings, drawings, cameos, books and goods, to be disposed of, for the benefit of their repective owners.

"Do, my dear fellow, give me your guinea for this splendid work; here is a prospectus; it will be printed in the first style of perfection;" or "I must have you put your name

down for this book of drawings just about to be published;" or "I have set you down as a subscriber to Mr. Polyphrase's readings;" or "You are the very person I wanted to meet; you are so popular, so generally acquainted, that I am sure you will get me off half a dozen tickets in a raffle for a Cameo, or for such a man's benefit."

Such is the constant language of the learned Doctor, who spends his time in giving audience to artists and to authors; in being the porter of their plans and cards in the streets, and in puffing at evening parties, or negociating with booksellers in the mornings. All this costs him personally very little except his labour; in giving which, by the by, there is merit; and at the same time, it amuses and occupies him, and gains him the name of a patron, which he considers to be a very desirable distinction.

He is however so well known, that he often fails in his endeavours to serve; for if you see him fumble in his pocket, you know he is about to bring out "proposals for printing," "plan of an extensive collection of

——," "prospectus of a work to be published by subscription," or some such pocket-pistol which he means to fire at your bank note; so that many of his acquaintance fly from his approach, and some are even scandalous enough to report that he has an interest in these speculations, beyond the mere pleasure of encouraging merit.

Such is the character of these two Patrons of the Arts. Others there are, however, although the number be but few, who are the pure encouragers of science, the promoters of more extensive knowledge, and the distinguished cultivators of talent. Insensible to flattery, the only pride of such men is to see the success of those who owe their outset in life to their generous and bountiful assistance. Friends to wisdom and to mankind, they dedicate a great part of their fortune to the support of indigent talent, to drawing merit from the shade of adversity or from the obscurity of their situation, and to enriching the republic of letters.

It is to such men that statues are due.

Their names deserve to be written in letters of gold, to be chronicled here with sages and with heroes, and to reign hereafter in immortality; for they are the pillars on which wisdom and virtue lean, they are the support of growing genius; and, without them, a world of genius and of science would fall to the ground uncultivated and unknown.

N° III.

TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

Parthis mendacior. HOR.

Sed non ego credulus illis. VIRGIL.

TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

THIS circumstance is a matter of chance and of some misfortune to some people; an affair of affectation and bad habit in others; but a practice, whether from the former or the latter cause, of continual occurrence in the *beau monde*, although evidently at variance with true politeness.

Young Woodville, an acquaintance of mine, an *Exquisite* of the first class, in the way of magnificent living, splendid equipage, and well-appointed establishment, is conspicuous for this failing. I think I see him this moment, flying out of his chariot,—the grey horses arriving at a break-neck pace, — a knock like thunder announcing him at the door,— and affecting himself to look overcome and

chagrined on entering the apartment where every one is either just seated, or just finishing the first course.

His general plan is, on presenting himself at the dining-parlour door, to withdraw as it were, to join his hands, elevate his shoulders, make a slight inclination of his body, or a shake of his head, as much as to say, "this is very bad indeed; an't I incorrigible? most abominable for late hours? always engaged—always run away with by pleasure—never in time any where? But quite the thing—monstrous agreeable—pardoned by the ladies—every where welcome." This pantomimic representation is followed by a demonstration of his very white teeth, rather than a smile; and then, shaking hands with his friend at the bottom of the table, or giving him a gentle tap on the back, (if an intimate), ogling all round, glancing at all the beauty and fashion in the room, he proceeds with much confidence to the seat allotted to him, disturbing and apologising to as many as possible in his way towards the head of the table.

His hacknied excuses in general are, "Upon my life, I don't deserve to be pardoned; yet I reckon on your ladyship's indulgence; I never was so mistaken in my life; it was six when I was talking about a horse, to the duke, at Tattersall's; the moment that I discovered it, I galloped home at the risk of upsetting a score of plebs, and took only ten minutes to dress and get here:" "Upon my soul, I beg your pardon; 'tis too bad I know:" or "I know not on earth how to apologise for my seeming rudeness; but I did not get home from the quadrille ball until seven o'clock; could not close my eyes for two hours; let my watch go down; and have gone wrong all day since:" "Upon my honour I had not an idea of its being so late by an hour; but I know your goodness, and that you'll excuse me; you know me; the very worst head in the world; never could calculate time or money; you know that, Sir Charles; I have always twice as much to pay as I expected, and am an hour or two later than I intended;" and an insipid laugh closes this *mis*-state-

ment. Or else it is, "Do forgive me; it is not my fault; I wish the House of Commons were annihilated; I went in with my brother, and could not move until half-an-hour ago; dressed all by guess, and almost half in my carriage; I never was so put out in my life."

Now all these excuses are nearly as old as himself, known to all his acquaintance, worn out as to effect, and wearing out the patience of every one concerned; yet does he think this bad habit quite an accomplishment: he prefers it to the chance of entering a half-filled apartment in proper time, or to being mistaken for a man of exactitude and of order. Many of his female acquaintance, who are fearful of dinner's suffering from his neglect, or who are not dazzled by his good looks and affectation, have relinquished his presence at their tables on this account; but still he will not submit to the dull five minutes before dinner, and thinks it stylish in the extreme to be always in a great hurry, galloping out of the park, or dashing up to your door, as if on business of the last im-

portance. Hence he has acquired the nick-name of the *late* Mr. Woodville; and so far is he from being ashamed of it, or corrected by the charge, that he seems to pitch his ambition at a still higher mark, and aspire to be called latest among the late, as Marshal Ney was termed "Le brave parmi les braves."

I need not add that he is incorrigible; and well he may be so, when one lady holds out her hand to him at the head of the table, crying, "Sit down, madcap; I wonder you did not come in at the desert:" another exclaims, "Ah! Woodville, are you come so soon?" a third, in answer to his practised, easy, and insincere apologetical tricks, says, "sit down, never mind; we all know you; you (with a stress) are a privileged man for late hours: Have you seen the young dowager?"

All this, Woodville thinks, adds eclat to his course through fashion's airy circle. He fancies, and often with truth, that very young tendrils of fashion, the scions of elegant and extravagant stocks, admire him for his

foibles, commend his assurance, and extol his vanity. His practised weaknesses so often gaining indulgence, he becomes an habitual defaulter at dinner, and he would not know how to take his chair without an excuse. How prettily he looks and answers to Lady Mildway, when she, with a suavity peculiar to herself, observes, "My only regret is, that the soup will not be worth your tasting, although Mercier (the cook) pleases you in general; and that the fish will be neither hot nor cold." "Upon my life," lisps the youth, "you overpower me with goodness; it's my own fault if either be the case; but if you would expiate my enormity by taking half a glass of Madeira with me, I should feel much more comfortable; for I really am horrified at coming so uncommonly late:" (habitually ought to be the word).

All these minor manœuvres lend a false interest to Mr. Woodville, which he has usurped, which indulgence has admitted, which youthful inexperience tolerates, and, which ignorance admires.

Lord Livre-Rouge, whose only superiority is his place in the Red-book, his name, style, title and designation in the Court Kalendar, is another of these dinner-spoilers, these abusers of good-nature, these violaters of good manners, these usurping coxcombs, who wish to soar above even the circle of elegance and good company, by coming last, by being waited for, by deranging a party, and by creating a sensation, as they swagger, seemingly confounded, to the first places at the tables they have so long kept waiting for them.

My Lord, however, has not Woodville's good humour, none of his simpers and his smiles, no false humility, no submissive pride: He makes you wait as a matter of course, and takes his place as a matter of right. He sometimes seems to look surprised, and motions a regret at deranging a whole party, but it is with a self-approving deportment. He will tell you, that he is that moment arrived from Derby, or from Newmarket, or from the Upper House, in

which however he takes much less interest than at the winning-post of either of the other places. He wishes you had not waited; but it is very easy to perceive that he would never have forgiven you, if you had not. He canvasses the respect and attention of the family; and is mortified in the extreme if he find himself in the minority. Every glance of his claims applause; and every civility caricatures condescension. He dines with you for form's sake; comes late for fashion's sake; stops as long as it suits himself; and takes French leave, without heart or interest in your party.

Sometimes he will say, with a superior and saucy tone, "Indeed, my dear Mrs. So-and-so, I am sure you think me very rude in coming so late; but it was with difficulty that I came at all: I put off five engagements for your's; and I left a dozen things undone, and people dissatisfied, sooner than disappoint you." Or, by way of being jocose, "I dare say your French cook wishes me at the Antipodes for spoiling his fricassée or his

vol au vent, his omelette or his macaroni; but I had a hard matter to get here at all—only I hate sending excuses."

The prevalence of these late dinner visitors is such, that there is quite a struggle betwixt the makers of banquets and the eaters of them, who shall be latest in their hours; and, as was said by an Irish gentlemen of my acquaintance, who has crossed the Channel to nod and monosyllablize in the House of Commons annually since the Union, 'Upon my faith people are getting so much later every year in their hours, that I should not at all be surprised to find dinner put off until the next day.'

The givers of parties are so afraid of having their delicacies spoiled, that they know not how late to make the hour of meeting; and yet the rival party, the guests of fashion, all emulating each other in haut ton, struggle who shall come last, who shall cut in for the last moment, who shall drive up last to the door, who shall make the most dignified, graceful apology, in which a multitude of

engagements, their parliamentary duty, general dissipation, their break-of-day habits, or their horse-racing, or other laudable pursuits take the lead; and, until some very high authority give a contrary example, this evil will increase daily. Yet how pitiful, how stupid are these excuses, founded in folly and untruth.

If you fall in with a man of fashion in Rotten Row, he will deign to go down the ride once, or once and a half with you; but when tired of you, out comes his watch, he looks all wonder, he is astonished at the lateness of the hour, and he must leave you. He goes off in a hard canter; and, in five minutes more, you see him walking his horse by the side of a new acquaintance, as leisurely and insipidly as if he did not know what to do with his time, and hailed any company in preference to study or to solitude. From the second picked-up companion he escapes as from you — "is sorry he must leave him or her; has a particular engagement;" yet returns to the charge, and

skirmishes among the trees with a fourth, fifth, or sixth, or perhaps passes you by unnoticed, with a greater personage by his side, or gives you a slender acknowledgment, a bow which bespeaks an air of protection.

I confess that I like punctuality myself, and that, but for fashion's sake, I would adopt it in its utmost exactitude; but I have so often been turned into a study by an astonished and an astonishing puppy out of livery, and had a parcel of pamphlets, novels, and new publications put before me about half past six o'clock, with a look of "who can you be, to come so very soon?"—— so often been in the drawing-room with only officious slaves stirring up the fire, presenting me a newspaper already read, and looking contempt at me for coming in time to read it; —— so often beheld my Lord dismount his horse, and proceed to dress, after I had come fully prepared to dine in ten minutes; —— so often heard a groom of the chambers, in a practiced accent and a haughty voice, inform me, that he dares say his master

or his mistress would soon be in; —— that I have got nearly as incorrect in keeping time as the rest of my circle.

Nevertheless, I commend and highly esteem the principle and plan of the late immortal Lord Nelson, who held promptitude of measures and exactness as to time as most valuable qualities, and who, when he recommended a tradesman to send off some articles for him so early as 6 A. M., on the man's saying "Yes, my Lord, I will be on the spot myself by six o'clock," mildly touched him on the shoulder, and with a very significant look added, "Mr. ——, a quarter of an hour before, if you please." The tradesman seemed astonished; but stammered out, "Surely, my Lord, if you wish it; yes, a quarter before six; yes, a quarter before, instead of six!" "Right," said his Lordship, "it is to that quarter before the time that I owe all the good I ever did."

The more we consider this remark, and weigh it with the activity and decision of our late naval hero, the more inestimable it ap-

pears; but my readers are just as well able to appreciate this as I am; and "*Je reviens à mes Moutons*," by saying, that if I could get others not to be too late for dinner, they should never have that fault to lay to the charge of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° IV.

HYDE PARK ON A SUNDAY.

Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worrying, whirling here and there,
They know, nor whence, nor whither, where, nor why.
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming.

FRERE.

HYDE PARK ON A SUNDAY.

"I WISH that there was not such a thing as a Sunday in the whole year," said my volatile friend Lady Mary Modish. "A fine Sunday draws out as many insects, from the butterfly of fashion down to the grub-worm, from some court leading out of Bishopsgate Without or Bishopsgate Within, as a hot sun and a shower of rain can produce in the middle of June. The plebs flock so, that you can scarcely get into your barouche or curricle without being hustled by the men-milliners, linen-drapers, and shop-boys, who have been serving you all the rest of the week. Bad horsemen and pedestrian women, *parées à outrance*, *ultras* in conceit and in

dress, press upon you on every hand; and yet one cannot be at church all day, nor make a prisoner of one's self because it is Sunday. For my part, I am *ennuyée*, beyond measure on that day; and were it not for my harp and a little scandal, there would be no getting through it at all."

The carriage now drew up to the door, and her ladyship proposed that I should take a corner in it, and go down the Park just once with her and her younger sister, merely, as she said, "to shew her friends that she was in town." "What legions of counter coxcombs!" exclaimed she, as we entered Grosvenor Gate. "The tilbury and dennet system is a great convenience to these people. Upon the plunder of the till, or by overcharging some particular article sold on the Saturday to a negligente, who goes shopping more for the purpose of meeting her favoured swain, than for any thing which she wants to purchase; it is so easy for these once-a-week beaux to hire a tilbury and an awkward groom in a pepper and salt, or drab coat, like the *incog.* of the royal family, and

to sport their odious persons in the drive of fashion. Some of the monsters, too, have a trick of bowing to ladies whom they do not know, merely to give them an air, or pass off their customers for their acquaintance.

"There!" continued she, "there goes my plumassier, with fixed spurs like a field officer, and riding as importantly as if he were one of the Lords of the Treasury. There again is my banker's clerk, so stiff and so laced up, that he looks more like an Egyptian mummy than a man. What impudence! He has got some groom out of place with a cockade in his hat, by way of imposing on the world for a beau *militaire*. I have not common patience with these creatures. I have long since left off going to the play on a Saturday, because, independent of my preference for the Opera, these insects from Cheapside, and so on westwards, shut up their shops, cheat their masters, and *font les importans* about nine o'clock. The same party crowd the Park on Sunday; but on black Monday, return like school-

boys to their work, and you see them with the pen behind their ear, calculating how to make up for their hebdomadal extravagances, pestering you to buy twice as much as you want, and officiously offering their arm at your carriage door."

At this juncture, Mr. Millefleurs came up to the carriage perfumed like a milliner, his colour much heightened by some vegetable dye, and resolved neither 'to blush unseen,' nor to waste his 'sweetness on the desert air.' His approach was very much like what I have heard of the Spice Islands. Two false teeth in front shamed the others a little in their ivory polish, and his breath savoured of myrrh like a heathen sacrifice, or the incense burned in one of their temples. He thrust his horse's head into the carriage (I thought) a little abruptly and indecorously; but I perceived that it gave no offence. He smiled very affectedly, adjusted his hat, pulled a lock of hair across his forehead with a view of shewing, first, that he had a white forehead, and next, that the glossiness of his hair must have owed

its lustre to at least two hours brushing, arranging, perfuming, and unguenting. He now got his horse's head still closer to us, dropped the rein upon his neck, hung half in and half out of the carriage, with his whip stuck under his arm and a violet in the corner of his mouth, a kind of impudent stare in his eyes, and a something half too familiar, yet half courtly, in his manner.

"What a beautiful horse!" said Lady Mary. "Yes," replied Millefleurs, "he is one of the best bred horses in Europe." I must confess that I thought otherwise, nor did I admire his being so near, his head being troublesome to me; "and," continued he, "the best *fencer* in Europe." This accomplishment I had myself excelled in; but I was ignorant of its becoming a part of equine education. I urged him to explain, and amused him at my own expense very much. He, however, was polite enough to instruct my ignorance; and informed me that he was a high-couraged horse, and one of the best *leapers of fences* that he had ever seen. Lady Mary condescended all this time to

caress the horse, and to display her lovely arm ungloved, with which she patted his neck, and drew a hundred admiring eyes.

The *Exquisite*, all this time, brushed the animal gently with a highly scented silk handkerchief, after which he displayed a cambric one, and went through a thousand little *minauderies* which would have suited an affected woman better than a Lieutenant in his Majesty's brigade of Guards. Although he talked a great deal, the whole amount of his discourse was, that he gave only seven hundred guineas for his horse; that his groom's horse had run at the Craven; that he was monstrous lucky that season on the turf; that he was a very bold horseman himself; and that being engaged to dine in three places that day, he did not know how to manage; but that if Lady Mary dined at any one of the three places, he would cut the other two.

At this moment a mad brained *Ruffian* of quality flew by, driving four in hand, and exclaimed in a cracked but affected tone, "Where have you hid yourself of late,

Charles?" "I have been one of his Majesty's prisoners in the Tower," said Millefleurs; meaning that he had been on duty there; and, turning to Lady Mary, in a half whisper he observed, "Although you see him in such good form, though his cattle and his equipage are so well appointed, he got out of the Bench only last week, having thrown over the vagabonds his creditors: he is a noble spirited fellow, as good a whip as any in Britain, full of life and of humour, and I'm happy to say that he has now a dozen of as fine horses as any in Christendom, kept *bien entendu* in my name, but there are wheels within wheels."

He now dropped the violet, kissed his hand, and was out of sight in two seconds. "A fine young man!" said her Ladyship. I bowed assent, and offered her some *Eau de Cologne* which I had about me, as a corrective to the scent which her taper fingers had gained by patting the well bred, fencing horse. "Alas!" thought I, "this young rake has made his impression!" Lady Mary has a fine fortune, and I am sorry to see her

thus dazzled by this compound of trinkets and of cosmetics, who, deeply involved in his circumstances, will, in a short time, squander a great part of her property. But Mr. Millefleurs is a complete *Merveilleux;* and that is quite enough for my volatile friend.

Looking after him for a half minute, she perceived a group of women in the very last Parisian fashions. "There," said she, "there is all that taffeta, feathers, flowers, and lace can do; and yet you see by their loud talking, and their *mauvais ton*, by their being unattended by a servant, and by the bit of straw adhering to the petticoat of one of them, that they have come all the way from Fleet Street or Ludgate Hill in a hackney coach, and are now trying to play the women of fashion. See the awkward would-be-beau, too, in a coat on for the first time, and boots which have never crossed a horse."

Mrs. Marvellous now drew up close to us. "My dear Lady Mary," said she, "I am suffocated with dust, and am sickened with vulgarity; but, to be sure, we have every

thing in London here, from the House of Peers to Waterloo house, and the inhabitants of the catch-penny cheap shops all over the town. I must tell you about the trial, and about Lady Barbara's mortification, and about poor Mrs. O—'s being arrested, and the midnight flight to the continent of our poor Dandy ——, who arrived in an open boat, our borough member ruined, his wife exposed, strong suspicions about the children, young Willoughby called out, thought slack, pretended that he could not get a second, Lavender upon the ground—all a hoax."

Here she lacerated the reputation of almost all her acquaintance, and I perceived that to this part of her conversation the serving men attached to both carriages were most particularly attentive. When she drove off, I observed to Lady Mary, that "I thought people of quality were not sufficiently cautious of speaking before their servants, and that they owed to themselves and to polite society more care in this particular." She gave a slight toss with her head, and said,

"Oh! they know nothing about amours and high life; they can't understand our conversation." I was, however, quite of a different opinion, in which I was afterwards still more confirmed.

Our Exquisite now came up to the carriage a second time, with some Concert tickets which he wished my fair friend to take; and he looked, as much as to say, "Thou art a happy dog, old gentleman!" A telegraphic signal passed, and he said to me, "I just met Sir Peter Panemar the Nabob, and he swears that there is the most beautiful Spanish woman that ever looked through a veil, this moment gone into the garden. It is said, by the by, that she is protected by a certain peer; but I believe her to be a rich diamond merchant's wife: the whole Park is in a blaze about her." I am a great amateur, I confess. A lovely picture is worthy contemplating; but my designs go no further. I suspected, however, that this was an adroit manœuvre to get rid of me for a time. I therefore requested permission to alight for the purpose of looking into the

garden. This was cheerfully agreed to; and Lady Mary promised to wait until I had feasted my eyes on the fascinating Incognita. The happy swain then offered to take my place until I returned; and this arrangement seemed to please all three. Our Exquisite entangled his spur in her Ladyship's flounces; but it did not discompose her in the least. I recommended *chevaux de frise* in future, at which she laughed; and the step was let down for me.

Arrived in the gardens, I sought *la bella senora* in vain; and am now uncertain whether I was hoaxed or not, although our Exquisite most solemnly protested that the Nabob had seen her. I sat down for a moment on the low wall; and heard the scandal of the liveried tribe. "How does your coat fit you, Sir Jerry?" cried one footman to another: "You'll only have to try it on. I once lived with your old mistress, who was determined that I should not eat the bread of idleness; for I never got a moment's amusement whilst I was in her service. She sacks the card-money; measures out her

provisions like a nip-cheese purser of a man of war; notes down every thing in her d—d account book; and if you can make a guinea besides your wages, I'll allow you to eat me roasted: but you'll not be long there, though the old man is a good-natured fool enough, deaf and drunken, snuffy, but never out of temper." Much more was added; but this was quite enough for me. Another scoundrel insinuated something concerning a fellow-servant of his and one of high rank, which almost induced me to cane him.

At my return to the carriage, I delicately hinted a part of what I had heard; but it had no effect: neither had the tearing of the lace flounce, nor the want of principle of the young four-in-hand buck: all seemed to pass with her ladyship as matters of course in high life. And yet she is virtuous, prudent, and well principled; but she is far gone, as Mrs. Marvellous calls it, and I am sorry for it.

Five o'clock now called us to dress, and a third succession of company arrived, who all appeared to have dined, and on whose

cheeks set the flush of punch and other strong liquors. In these groups were children drawn by dogs, or by their papas, in little chairs; others in arms; fat landladies, tall strapping wives and tame submissive husbands—the emblems of domestic drill and of petticoat subordination. Every insect of fashion flew off on fancy's wing at the appearance of *le tiers état*.

And now commenced the pleasures and the labours of the toilette, which I leave my fair friend to indulge in, convinced at the same time *qu'elle aura des distractions*.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° V.

ON THE RAGE FOR IMITATING FOREIGN MANNERS.

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-mes, who stand so much on the new forms, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ON THE RAGE FOR IMITATING FOREIGN MANNERS.

What can an Englishman gain by being mistaken for a foreigner? What can he propose to himself, at home, by showing off foreign conceit, foreign affectation, and foreign grimace? Why, he expects, thereby, to gain the reputation of a travelled, and consequently a highly informed man. The grounds however of such a reputation are to be obtained without the gesticulations of mountebanks, without making our conversation an *olio* of all kinds of languages and quotations, and even without assuming a foreign accent, a foreign air, or, rather I should say, foreign airs.

A scholar, whose mind is filled with

classic and scientific lore, is scouted in polished circles, if he frequently indulge himself in Greek or Latin quotations. You may say, it is because he is not understood by the majority of the company. Not at all: it is to be presumed that the majority do understand him; but it is because he is not understood by all. By the ladies, for instance; and by the less classically educated among the gentlemen. For the very same reason is an interlarding of foreign living languages equally offensive. Some of the circle may not understand you. One nobleman speaks French, but not Spanish; another understands Spanish, but not German; a lady speaks French and Italian, but neither understands Spanish, Portuguese, nor German; whilst the language which the impertinent coxcomb wishes to show off in, is precisely the one not understood; and not unfrequently, it is selected for that very purpose; the speaker having just sense enough to be conscious of the shallowness of his acquirements, even of those he is most anxious to display.

When foreign languages are spoken, or even scraps of them interpolated in English conversation, with the view of facilitating our intercourse with a foreigner, the object is amiable and praiseworthy; but when such conduct is adopted, merely for the purpose of assuming something above the circle in which we then move, or with the view of showing the company how much we know, it is truly unworthy of a gentleman; and it appears contemptible to a scholar and a man of taste, whether he understand the affected prattler or not. To communicate our ideas, it is necessary to be understood; but to show off these strange and silly airs, the very reverse is desirable; and the non-intelligent has the best of the bargain, by losing some flimsy quotation, or some trite foreign trash, in the way of quaint saying or common-place remark. At the close of the continental war, nothing could be more ludicrous than our military foplings masqueraded into the dress, the language, and the deportment of foreigners; and, what was

worse, they played these foreign parts with very second-rate abilities, — forgetting or omitting, disfiguring or mutilating the characters.

Thus had we, in our military Exquisites, bearded or beardless, returned from abroad, Spaniards without gravity or religion; Italians with neither harmony, finesse, nor genius; Germans free alike from taciturnity or judgment; and French puppies divested of their playfulness and volatility. It was enough that these mock Germans had their pipes, and their want of polish; the Spaniards, their mustachios and cigars; the Italians, their sensuality; and as for the French, they were sufficiently distinguished, in the opinion of their representatives, by their snuff-boxes, their contortions, and their obstrusiveness.

What an importation for Great Britain! to be spit out, snuffed out, smoked out, and put out of countenance from morn till night; and to hear grunts, nasals and gutturals, out of time and place, in French and

in German; or the more effeminate lispings, sighings, and smoothings of the Italian and Spanish languages!

Here we had an insipid cornet of horse, leering and ogling *con amore*, abusing his fair countrywomen, his climate and his language; and it was "Pazienza per forza, as we say in Italian," "Pian piano, if you please," "my good thir, I really don't underthand you," or "Sin cumplimiento, as we say in Spain," "muy obligato Senor, as the Spaniard says." In another place we had a more elderly but not less affected *militaire* all German, all smoke, tobacco, spurs and waltz, who could find nothing in his own country worthy of notice.

Sometimes was to be seen a schoolboy of one campaign swelled into an Alexander the Great, who could talk of nothing but of military movements, and who was enfilading the company, turning your flank, outmarching you, advancing in echelon upon you, and doing every thing *en militaire*, except making a masterly and steady retreat, which would

have been the wisest and the most beneficial of all. This dashing character would tire you to death with the shredwork of continental languages, and with military manœuvres, from the advance of the army getting engaged, to the taking up of a new position, and there bivouacking all night; so that his hearers heartily wished him to remain in that situation, or *to join the reserve*, of which he seemed to stand much in need.

But not to the brave defenders of our country, however coxcombical, are these failings alone to be attributed: our nobility and men of fortune and fashion are equally culpable in this respect. An Irish Earl, now no more, returned from his continental tour perfectly unintelligible. He would ask you, in broken English, if he made himself understood by you; and he never framed a sentence that was not at least half French. A certain Marquis has the very air, accent, appearance, and expression of an Italian; and he marshals his foreign servants before you, merely to show you how much he is above being an Englishman. Some, and

very illustrious personages too, are so *Germanized*, that you are in danger of forgetting that they drew their first breath in this country; and thus they lose some portion of the national attachment which, but for their disguise, would every where fall to their share.

Then we have women all *à la mode de Paris*—all broken sentences of French and English; all shrug, humpback, stooped shoulders, quick short step, and quadrille anticks. These ladies are quite proud of having breathed the air of Paris; and unless you can talk with them on the Thuilleries and the Champs Elisées, on the Parisian promenades, theatres, and performers,—if you have not every moment Mademoiselle Mars, Messieurs Talma, Vestris, Gardel and Beaupré, Mesdames Clotilde and Chenigny, the singers Lays, Derinis Lavigne, Madame Amand, and all the corps du Théâtre Français, the corps d'Opéra, and the corps de Ballet, they turn their backs on you, and treat you as a rustic—as a superannuated being, or an ultra-tramontane.

A few weeks trip over the water quite metamorphoses our youth of both sexes, giving them a most usurped and unjust superiority, and unfitting them for home and British society. These individuals also herd together, form waltz and quadrille parties, and imagine that they have a right to be leaders of fashion and models of taste; whilst their dress is ungraceful, their manners extravagant, their language imperfect, their morals often impaired, their talents generally confined, and their conduct always ridiculous.

One would imagine that the English language would be quite rich and various enough to express our thoughts, without interlarding it with any other forms of speech; yet our Insipids and Exquisites, our unintelligible belles and pert half-educated misses cannot explain themselves without "the foreign aid of ornament;" and therefore they inform us that, in spite of such and such an occurrence, they preserved their *sang froid;* that they treated the affair with the utmost *nonchalance;* that it was *une*

affaire du cœur, or, *une affaire de goût*. If asked how they will act, they will *faire leur possible*, or, *faire l'impossible* (which by the by they wish to do), with a million of other hacknied French phrases, that do not express the object alluded to one jot better than plain English would do.

Add to these things the *ah bahs!* the *tout au contraires*, the *point du touts*, and a few more phrases of this kind, with the starts and the shrugs, the elevations of shoulders, the shakings of heads, the writhings, the convulsions, and the puppet-show tricks of features, and you will have the whole language and manœuvres of the pseudo-learned and accomplished ones who have introduced foreign manners into our native soil.

The mistakes, too, which they make, are additional proofs of a want of judgment. Why does the Frenchman add such stage-effect to his words? Because he doubts that the simple matter of fact will be credited by you, or because his impatience and volatility bring into action all his

resources at the same moment; or because, voluptuous and intriguing, Madame brings language, eyes, gestures, and limbs into play, as if she were bringing all her artillery to bear upon the enemy at once; or, finally, because both wish to deceive you, to divide your attention, and find this powerful diversion quite necessary.

In hot countries, speech is often abridged, and action becomes its auxiliary: and for this reason a Neapolitan, for instance, is a complete player at pantomime. The foreigner adds telegraphic and pantomimic signs to imperfect and almost unintelligible language: and yet John Bull, who must be understood by a countryman, thinks the imitation of this, smart, well-bred, and fashionable. Italian and other foreign performers writhe and contort their figures, in order to give effect to their fine cadences ad libitum; and therefore a boarding-school miss cannot sing a common English ballad, without drooping over the keys of her piano, bowing and waving about, giving her eyes a die-way expression, and practising a thousand little affected fooleries.

It is objected to the English, that they have a want of action and of expression in conversation, — a want of play of countenance, and of elegance of attitude; but this I deny. If you go into the higher circles, the fact does not exist. Where do you find persons of family, and of high polish, address you with *their back* turned to you, with *their arms* folded across, or their hands in their pockets? Where is the inquirer in genteel life, who asks the question without an inclination of the head? or (if a lady in particular) without a gracious and graceful smile? Does a gentleman speak to you with averted eye, stern countenance, or surly gloom? Do we not assume respect when addressing the higher dignitaries of the state? And is there any well educated man who does not adapt his countenance and demeanour to his company, and to the subject and situation of the time, without finding any dislocation of muscles, any convulsion of limbs, any broad stare of the eye, or violent disguise of the countenance, at all necessary?

Dignity and composure, with a look of mind and an air of reflection, best befit our national character. The fairer sex has a natural softness, serenity, and gentleness of expression and deportment. When we depart from these, we lose by the exchange, and we accept of the counterfeit in return for the sterling material. But whilst these are national characteristics, there is no need for the male to appear all coldness, stoicism, and apathy, nor for the female to have that look of a dreaming sheep, *un mouton qui rêve*, which our impertinent neighbour has bestowed upon her. In our language also, if a dispassionate judge do but visit our higher circles, he will find it chaste, classical, expressive, and correct: so much so, that a person must possess no patriotism, who finds it requisite to borrow, either in gesture or in diction, from any other country; and, if he do wish to improve the former, it can alone be effected by consulting, not the French and Italian living models, but the Greek and Roman immortal ones, which still live in the statues of antiquity.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the intolerable affectation (it is too mild a term) of a certain Exquisite, who is the most conceited piece of English manufacture, disguised and varnished over with plaster of Paris, and other materials, that I ever knew. He asserts, that not one Englishman in a thousand knows how to take a pinch of snuff like a gentleman! and that it takes twelve months to learn this art! yet he has contrived to acquire this useful and ornamental accomplishment in about one-twelfth of the time! He may think himself an object of universal admiration, on account of the polish he has gained by his travels, but I can assure him he is only one of contemptuous pity to

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N° VI.

ON GUARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Tutto il merito suo, tutto l'onore
Fan gli aurati color. PIGNOTTI.

——————— for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON

GUARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"HOPFMAN,* wake me at six o'clock to-morrow morning, or I shall never be in time for guard (pronounced affectedly *gard!*)—and I say, (in a slow conceited tone) but let me have the last boots which Hoby made me — not the —— Wellington's, nor the dress boots, nor any of the six pair in the closet, nor the iron heeled ones, but the last ones with copper heels;—and I say, be sure to use the blacking made after Lord R——'s receipt, which comes to so much money, that which has marasquina in it, and oil of lavender, and about twenty other things, and has

* Hopfman, a German valet de chambre.

such a superior polish; and I say, fetch home my regimental jacket from Scott;—and I say, see that it is well padded on the breast, which gives a martial air, and well stuffed on the shoulders, so as to give me my *natural* look of strength;—and I say, lay out the pantaloons which were made by the German soldier under the patronage of the Prince Vanstinkerstein,—not those made by the leather-breeches-maker, nor any whatever made by my three English tailors: and I say, put two handkerchiefs in my regimental jacket, one of cambric and one of my Barcelonas;—and I say, perfume them well, and let me have my gold snuff-box with the sleeping beauty on it, which the Italian took me in for so;—not the gold embossed one, nor the gold engine-turned, nor the gold antique box, nor the silver gilt, nor the one which I bought at the Palais Royal;—and I say, order my tilbury to take me down to the *gard*, for I shall otherwise get my boots dusty, and might be run against by some coal-porter or sweep, and have my French scarlet cloth soiled, besides one looks

heated and flustered after a long walk from Harley Street to the Parade, instead of coming cool into the field; — and I say, I'll wear the twenty-guinea gold chain round my neck with my quizzing-glass; and you must bring down my silk nightgown and Turkish embroidered slippers, in order to astonish the weak minds of *mes camarades*; and I must have my backgammon-board *pour passer le tems*, and my poodle dog to play with; and you may take a coach and bring my violoncello with you, and my writing-desk, that I may write billet-doux in order to soften the hardships of war; — and I say, I must have the cedar box of cigars, my gold cigar tube, my German bag, some scented tobacco, and my *écume de mer* pipe; 'twill pass an hour, and it looks so soldier-like to smoke on *gard;* — and I say, I must have a cambric *chemise* with the collar highly starched for dressing time — one of those that look like winkers, and you may bring the other regimental jacket—either the one made by Scott, so nicely pigeon-tailed, or that made by Weston; and I must have my

musical snuff-box for dinner; you will put Prince's mixture in it, and high dried in the other; and you'll bring my light morocco boots for dinner, with soles as thin as a wafer; —and I say, I shall begin to dress at five or half after, for it is too warm to hurry oneself; and I must have my hair brushes, and my razors (for which he had very little use), and damask napkins, and rose-water for my eyes, and all my soaps, and some white wax for my nails, and all my paraphernalia set in gold, with my crest on each article, in my best dressing-case; — and I say, ——" (Servant) "Meinheer?" "Nothing; you may go away now; but be sure to awaken me at six. What a bore *gard* is!"

Thus ended the colloquy betwixt a young cousin of mine and his servant; and although he called being on *gard* "a bore," yet he was delighted with this début, and quite captivated with "all the pomp and circumstance of war." Thus mounted he his first guard, and gave me the following account of the manner in which he spent his time.

"I walked up and down St. James's Street

and Pall Mall forty-four times; sent my servant home for my stop-watch, and made a calculation of the time which it took to go from Hoby's corner to the St. James's; looked in at Parslow's, and lost some money at billiards; my hand shook like h—ll; but I drank some Curaçoa, and took three ices afterwards to cool myself; spoke to two-and-twenty pretty women, and bowed to fifty carriages, by which I got a stiff neck; hung on to Lady Mary's carriage facing White's for just twenty minutes, and was envied by the whole street; played a tune on my violencello, and amused myself a whole hour by my repeater, in teaching my poodle to do his exercise with a cane and to smoke a pipe, thus fitting him for a military life; read the racing calendar, and a table of odds at betting; looked into the Horse-Guards and found a rascal dunning my friend Bellamour; kicked the fellow down stairs, and took a hit at backgammon; treated my brother officers on *gard* with some liqueurs; dined, got half-and-half, looked in at some gambling shops, came off minus ten guineas

—lucky enough! for at one time I was out a hundred; met Lord Somerfield and Dick Dandy in the hands of the watchmen; drew my sword like a man, and put the raggamuffins to flight; saw the sun rise in St. James's Park,—beautiful, by Jove! wrote a dozen billet-doux, and made as many appointments, not half of which I shall keep; bivouacked (very like bivouacking!) for an hour on three chairs; smoked a pipe which did not agree with me; was relieved, (by the guard be it understood;) came home and slept until dinner-time."

It will be unnecessary to comment on the useful life of my young cousin, nor on the active nature of his services. He is, however, very young, very good hearted, but, unfortunately for him, very vain and very handsome. I have often done every thing in my power to break him of being such a puppy; but it is all in vain. He holds the last generation very cheap indeed, and laughs at the old school, and at myself as much as at any of them.

I endeavoured to point out to him how

idle such a division of time was, and that even on guard a man might do something useful and ornamental; that he might read improving books in and out of his profession, draw, play on some instrument, and learn languages; and that tactics, histories of campaigns, and mathematics, would be most exemplary lessons for these occasions. But my *exquisite* cousin seemed to think that "all that" was impossible in London, and far beneath a *Gardsman;* adding that the *Gards* behaved as well in the field as any men, that it was time enough to study when a man was going on actual service, and that he was as well pleased with his first *gard* as if he had returned home covered with glory.

He considered himself as now completely launched into high life, and as having received the last stamp of fashion by being an officer in the Guards. He assured me, that he was considered as a very hopeful recruit — as a very prime fellow, by his brother officers; they said that he had nothing of the fresh man—of the greenhorn about

him, and that he was as much *the thing* as if he had been a redcoat of a twelvemonth. He, furthermore, informed me that his liqueurs were very much admired,—that he had been offered a pony for his German pipe, which cost him sixty guineas from the famous Mr. Hudson, and was a splendid article,—that he had had fifty guineas bid for his musical snuffbox,—that he had given a dozen receipts for his superior blacking,—that his taste was generally admired,—that Poodle was considered as very little inferior to *le Chien Munito*,—and that he had received a score of invitations, and was to be proposed as a member of all the best clubs in town. The plain English of all this is, that my poor cousin is newly enlisted under Fashion's banner, is a recruit of pleasure,—an aspirant of sensuality,—that he is about to become the dupe of gamblers, and the imitator of the great,—that his moderate fortune is marked down for a finish,—and that he is on the high road to ruin. The peace is an unlucky circumstance for him,

since actual service and going abroad, years and experience, would be the only cure for his fashion-fever—the only check to his extravagance, for he pays no regard to the lectures of

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N° VII.

TIME AND WEDLOCK.

Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus. PLAUTUS.

Sed, dum abest, quod avemus, id exuperare videtur cætera; post aliud, quum contigit, illud avemus. LUCRETIUS.

Such is the common process of marriage. A youth or maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. They marry; and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness had before concealed: they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.

DR. JOHNSON.

Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs,
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears:
What is it else?—A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

TIME AND WEDLOCK.

Sauntering up May-Fair, I perceived a name on a door which reminded me of an acquaintance whom I had not seen for five years. At that period he was at Weymouth, where a very lovely girl (I shall call her Caroline) also was, with her family, for the purpose of sea-bathing. Venus, when she rose from the wave (I must choose a metaphor suited to the scene), could not shine brighter in youth and in beauty's pride than she.

My friend, who now lives in May-Fair, was deeply enamoured of her, and committed more extravagancies in the way of courtship than ever I had heard of before. He would

pass half the night under her window, serenade her, write verses on her, sit alone at a ball unless he danced with her: he would fire with rage when any male accosted her; and I actually saw tears in his eyes on her standing up to dance with a handsome young naval officer. He must have written, I suppose, about a ream of paper in *billets doux*; and he fought two duels on her account.

Caroline was not much less romantic and impassioned than himself. She used to pass whole days in his society, walking and rambling together; she wore his picture concealed; had every thing marked with his hair; wrote to him daily, although they met twice in that day; and rendered herself conspicuous as his *amante* to the whole town. His father, who had a very large fortune, was averse to his marrying a poor baronet's daughter who made one of five children; and the opposition on this occasion added strength to their flame. Restraint and prohibition form the fuel of love, and greatly increase the combustion. I was made the mutual confident of the youth and of the

lovely maid, and was entrusted as a mediator between the two families.

My friend assured his father that he would commit suicide if he was not allowed to marry the girl of his heart; and Caroline made a vow of perpetual celibacy if she were not to have the youth of her choice,—adding, that "the thread of life could not be very long, since her heart must break without him."

The affrighted parents consented to the match, and the happy couple were united in Hymen's bonds. They started in a chaise and four for Devonshire, there to pass the honey-moon. On their road they wrote me a joint letter, in which they called me "their more than father, their best of friends, the author of their felicity, and one for whom they never could do half enough."

At this juncture the bride was sixteen and the bridegroom about two and twenty. Since then the father of the latter has paid the debt of nature, and left his son in possession of a very fine fortune, the only thing

necessary to the young couple's unequalled felicity.

How they lost sight of me, their more than father, I am at a loss to account for; but I believe that they spent nearly a twelve-month imparadised in each other's soft society in Devonshire, and were three years on the continent. I had heard that fortune had blessed them with a family; and I anticipated a most interesting and happy meeting.

The servant who opened the door had lived with his master for ten years, and immediately recognized me. "My master and mistress will be delighted to see you, Sir," exclaimed he, on beholding me, and flew up stairs, his eyes beaming with joy to announce me.

I found the enamoured pair seated on each side of a Pembroke table; the lady was drawing a pattern for an embroidered flounce, and the husband had his elbow on the newspaper and was perusing a number of accounts.

Five years had given maturity and fulness of beauty to Caroline; nor had that period made any material alteration in her spouse, who was, and is, a handsome man. But the cast of features of each was wholly altered. Hers used to be by turns the sportive, the lively, the frolicksome, the arch, the tender, and the impassioned: it was now the wholly and solely pensive and interesting. Once it inspired desire and admiration: now it called forth sympathy and regret. His were the features of devotion, of enthusiasm, of furious and of uncontrolled love: now they were the outlines of asperity, discontent, satiety and disgust. What a change! What could all this mean!

At her knee stood a child of three years old, playing with some flowers; and at a looking-glass was another in a nurse's arms, archly admiring itself in the mirror, and slapping its reflection with its chubby little hand.

"Of all people in the world, our old friend ——," exclaimed the husband, in an *adagio* tone of more gentle surprise than

lively exultation. "How do you do?" said Caroline, rising hastily, and shaking me by the hand; whilst her eye was momentarily lit up, her colour came and went, and her lip quivered, as if struggling with some inward feeling: "I am very glad to see you," continued she; but the joy was a moderate movement.

"Here you see me," resumed the husband, "quite an old married man, with the cares of the world, and a parcel of brats about me; I have two besides these Articles." "Articles! said I; most lovely creatures," kissing the head of the one nearest to the table; "I think I never saw two finer children." "*He* does not think so," observed Caroline, laying such a stress on the word *he* as signified he alone ungrateful! "No," replied he; "if my friend knew how noisy, how perverse, and how troublesome they were, he would be of my opinion." "The more like a certain person," retorted Caroline.

Here the youngest of the children broke an expensive mirror with a key. "D——n

the child," angrily exclaimed the husband; "she is always doing some mischief. Take her out, nurse." At this unlucky moment a sudden whirl about of the little boy Henry, attracted by the fracture of the looking-glass, caused him to knock over the ink-stand, and to dye the papers, the table, and a white cambric pocket-handkerchief. "Take this little devil out, too;" roared he out to the servant. "And me with him," interrupted Caroline. "What a monster you are to curse your children! A wonder it is that you do not throw us all out of the window!!!"

Here she burst into tears; and turning to me, said, "I beg your pardon for thus receiving you after so many years separation; but it is not my fault. You once knew me happy: now I am the reverse. Some men do not deserve to have fine children, but"—her speech failed here, and she left the room.

I could not help reproaching her husband with my eyes, and saying, in a sterner tone than I am wont to use, "Sir, I am sorry for all this." He perfectly understood me;

and, looking confused and chagrined, replied, "Faith and so am I, my good friend; I am sorry that I d—d the child; the idea was furthest from my heart; believe me" (assuming a mild strain, and laying his hand on my arm) "that I love my children; aye" (the tone was doubtful) "and my wife too; but they are so troublesome, and she is so extravagant and fond of pleasure, that it almost turns my brain. Look at all these bills." "And you," observed I, in a half kind, half angry tone, "are so hasty that you drive Caroline from your presence, and from your confidence, to seek for amusement elsewhere: pleasures are expensive; and thus do love, time, confidence, and money melt away together. But," (changing the subject) "how long have you been in town? where is your wife's family?" with many other trivial inquiries unnecessary to mention.

I then took occasion to praise Caroline's work, and to observe, a second time, what lovely children his were. "The work," said he, "is well enough, but she thinks of nothing else. Her dress-makers, her milliners, and

her lace-merchants ruin me. When a man" (continued he in a preaching tone) "marries beauty only, he weds a shadow instead of a substance, and"—I was out of patience with him: so I looked at my watch and departed; observing, that I hoped that he would, by kindness, remove the harsh impression which must now be on his lady's mind, and that when next we met, all would be harmony and happiness.

I saw through the whole business. The possession of an assemblage of charms had been the only object of this Orlando Furioso in love; novelty was passed, and his natural bad temper had resumed its sway. His wife was weak, and easily captivated by dress and *paraphernalia;* and she had no kind mentor, no indulgent partner, to disengage her from pleasure's chain and to win her over to a matron-like life. If any thing had been wanting to dissuade me from matrimony, this scene would have done it.

N° VIII.

THE FATIGUE OF PLEASURE.

Strenua nos exercet inertia. HORAT.

Whom call we gay? that honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name. COWPER.

THE FATIGUE OF PLEASURE.

I was at Lady Modish's rout the other night. Just as I was leaving the principal drawing-room I met Mr. Bellamont. "I shall be glad when it is over," said he; "but do just let me pass you; I merely want to make my bow to her ladyship, that she and the whole town may know that I have been here. I shall see myself in the long list in the morning papers to-morrow, provided I just make my appearance, for I shall not stay two minutes. I am jaded to death. It is now two in the morning; and this is the fourth squeeze which I have been at. But pray where is her ladyship? I pointed her out to him. He looked as pale as a ghost;

and seemed so tired, that he could scarcely walk up the great staircase.

Her ladyship was near the embrasure of a door; just planted so that each person might pass her. She made the same curtesy, the same smile, and nearly the same speech to every one, namely, "——— you look so well that I don't ask you how you do; but an't you late? will you go into the card-room, or take a peep at the waltzers?" This I heard about forty times. She was extremely heated; and, after standing four hours, was ready to drop with fatigue. The very exercise of fanning herself became a labour to her, and lost its designed effect. She continued receiving company from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning. I inquired after her the next day, and found that she was confined to her bed.

I myself went home in a fever; for I got jammed in betwixt two rows of honourables and right honourables; and in the morning I found myself nearly deaf from the buz of the company, and the continuous thundering sound of the knocker at the door. The an-

nouncing and repeating servants too were hoarse, and, at last, were scarcely audible, from calling the names of so many votaries of fashion and movers in high life. Many of the ladies fainted away from the heat of the rooms; and Lord Corpulent told me, that his sides were black and blue from the elbows of the company, and that he never got further than the second apartment the whole night.

Many visitors did not even see Lady ———, whose size is none of the greatest; and the sole object of most of the party was, to have it to say that they had been there, and to appear in the columns of the fashionable journals. It was in the newspapers, more than in her ladyship's splendid house, that her numerous quality friends wished to be seen. And yet this is pleasure! To go from one house to another after midnight! to be ready to faint with the heat of one party, and to be squeezed to a jelly in another! here to have a sight of the Prince, and there to make your bow, and to repeat one single common-place sentence to her lady-

ship or to her grace! to have the triumph of answering in the affirmative, if asked if you have been to such a fashionable belle's "At Home," and to be put down with all the world, who, you are told by a lisping miss or a chattering countess, was at such or such a one's splendid party! but, above all, to get into the newspaper, and thereby to get into fashion!

But for the fashionable papers, which appear at the breakfast-tables of the great, we should not know that many people existed. Their whole fame, their whole celebrity, and their whole being, is there. Not unfrequently do they contain the life of a man of fashion and his biography:—Chronicled in the daily press as a frequenter of all fashionable parties;—set down as presented at court,—put in print for having a horse run at Newmarket, or at the Derby,—gazetted as married,—stuck in the miscellaneous columns for having a new carriage, or for having given some preposterous sum for a horse more celebrated than the purchaser,—annually accounted for in his arrivals and in his de-

partures from town (which, by the by, has its inconvenience)—puffed in some way, directly or indirectly, by himself or by hired writers, as a good shot, as having destroyed so many head of game, as travelling with a titled man, or some such very useful and interesting circumstance,—blazoned at the top of a *crim. con.* trial, and made notorious for ruining a woman and for betraying a friend,—next mentioned as going abroad (a blind to creditors),—and, lastly, being put in small letter amongst law cases, as having been whitewashed in the Bench! Yet such is the love of pleasure and of fashion, that no fatigue, no expense, no ruin, no exposure is spared to gain the object of this vain and empty ambition.

The last *print* is the death. But that publicity flatters not the person named. A thought of this last appearance in black and white, might greatly damp the ardour of a novice in fashion's short race; yet these same votaries of pleasure read over that article too with well-bred calmness. "Lady Mary, who do you think's dead?" "Don't

know." "Lord Foppington." "Ha! why he was only fifty." "No; but a hard goer." This is the sympathy of fashion's airy circle; and the reader of the paper passes apathetically on to, "Dear me, who'd have thought it? we were eight hundred of us at the marchioness's last night;" or, "Oh! I knew it would come to that, Mrs. Lively is divorced;" or, "the peer is wounded in a duel for an affair of gallantry;" or to some other equally amusing and equally moral subject.——All this is pleasure!!! but it is pleasure that begins to pall upon

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N° IX.

FASHION IN DRESS.

Da voi s'orna, e si cangia, in tanti guise,
Che quando novamente lo rivedo,
Che sia quel ch' era avanti appena credo. PIGNOTTI.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let them be unmanly, yet are followed. HENRY VIII.

FASHION IN DRESS.

I OFTEN remarked, that my rattle-brained cousin in the Guards had a new coat monthly, and some novelty in the way of a waistcoat weekly; that he dressed three times per day, and was never twice seen dressed in the same manner. The variety of his great-coats, driving coat, tunique, military great-coat, night-cloak, tartan, pelisse, et cætera, was equally surprising. It puzzled me to think, how human imagination could produce this Proteus-like change of shape and appearance, and I was at a loss to know who actually were the leaders of fashion.

Referring to himself, I could get no satisfactory reply. He merely observed, that

he often set the fashion himself (which I doubted, and I was right in my doubts), and that moreover whenever he saw a stylish fellow, a dandy, a noble, or a man of fancy in dress, he followed his fashion, particularly if it were expensive and eccentric, so that it would not suit the vulgar herd, the lawyers' clerks breed, the knights of the bags, the 'squires of the counter, or the half-price theatre crew, and all mechanics and Sunday bloods (such were his words).

I was not satisfied with this; and I should probably have been defeated in my researches, had I not observed the shop of a certain celebrated tailor to be always full of customers looking at new clothes, which appeared to me to be different every time that I saw them; whilst very respectable, well-dressed men, with a good wardrobe, seemed to vary their fashions scarcely oftener than once a year, or at the changes of the season from hot to cold. I imparted this remark to Mr. Bonton, an old fop, who let me into the secret.

"There is," said he, "a combination of

the tailoring trade against the nobility and the fahionables of the country. The object of this junto is to create new temptations to expense for the elegants of town, at least weekly; and to make themselves masters of their habits, which this board of green cloth in council assembled takes special care shall be expensive habits. They frequently play very mischievous tricks with their customers by making them ridiculous; but then each customer so hoaxed misleads another, and no one knows who is at the head of these *affaires de toilette*.

"Thus this committee sometimes sew up the corpulent customer in a sack, until, betwixt his stays and his tight garb, he is in danger of rupturing a blood-vessel, and is under great difficulty of respiration, puffing and blowing like a grampus, and being ready to burst asunder the bonds imposed upon him by his tailor, who first imprisons his body in this garb of slavery, and afterwards probably lodges it in the Fleet or in the King's Bench, where retaliative measures are taken by the prisoner, and Snip is thrown

over, thus over-reaching himself. I remember seeing a most illustrious personage in one of these tight shells; his corpulence protruding in all directions, and his skirts flying off so as to make a very strange *exposé* of a prominent part of his figure.

"These fellows occasionally make the whole town pigeon-breasted or martin-tailed. At one time, a man's frock becomes his little great coat, and is as loose as perhaps the general habits in high life: at another, he is cur-tailed to a jacket; or elongated in imitation of the tailor's bill. One day all is starch; and the next day we are all 'men in buckram' (bougran, properly). A distinguished Exquisite is padded all over to-day; and all the other foplings are, on the morrow, mere walking pincushions. A fat prince, or a fat dandy, requires confinement in his limbs; and all his subjects are immediately restrained within the same limits. The tailors who recommend these absurdities never avow them as their invention, but always add, that his royal highness, his grace, his lordship, have all given them extensive orders

for the very same thing; and old and young are new-modelled and metamorphosed accordingly.

"Thus one day, the back is to be as broad as an Irish chairman's, and the shoulders to be bolstered up to imitate a hod-man; and the next, the shoulders are to be flat, and a man is to be pinched in and laced up until he resemble an earwig; or he is to be so totally masqueraded by Snip, that, betwixt the long skirts of his great coat, fur embroidery, tassels, olivet buttons, pigeon breast, and pale face, you may mistake a decent young man for a very indecent young woman.

"All these are Master Snip's manœuvres, who continues to make his bill equally long, whether the spencer or the bang-up box-coat be in vogue; whether he live (by clipping) on the skirts of the town, or whether he wrap up his customers in the greatest amplitude of cloth and linen. But it may be well briefly to state how this is done; for there are two modes of practising these tricks of trade.

"The first method is, by persuading some

great man (from the prince to the private gentleman, if a supposed leader of fashion), that such a dress becomes him exceedingly; that he looks most captivatingly, either lost in a dozen of capes, or with his neck emerging from a flat collar; that his chest is so broad and so fine (N. B. the tradesman is thinking of his strong chest) that the coat buttoned right across it will show it to the greatest possible advantage; or that a single-breasted hunting frock gives him a most irresistible appearance of youth, of elegance, and of activity. Instantly are all forms and shapes clad in this becoming coat, which cannot become all, and, perchance, becomes none; but it becomes the fashion, and that is enough; for thus it suits the purposes of the vender.

"The second plan is, to make a fancy suit of clothes, in confederacy with the rest of the fashionable tradesmen, and to expose it, 'nor bashful, nor obtrusive'—not for sale in a shop window, but just finished on the counter. The lover of novelty beholds it, and it draws and impels him, just as the red

rag acts upon the flock of geese. If he pass it by at one place, his lounging arm-companion perhaps takes him into another, where they are probably both taken in. Then this same model is seen at every expensive tailor's in town; and therefore it must be the fashion.

"'Dear me,' drawls out an extravagant Insipid, 'I thought that long waists were in fashion.' 'So they were last week,' replies a flippant Snip, 'but we can't make them too short now,' (a strong emphasis on the *now*). Then he names the nobleman for whom the one on the counter is made, and a dozen lords and *merveilleux* who have just ordered the same pattern and swallowed the same bait. The Insipid instantly declares, that he never made so unaccountable an oversight as not to observe that it was the fashion; says, that he must go to an assembly to-night, where he cannot possibly be seen without such a coat; and conjures Snip to send him one in the evening. He then actually appears in it to the astonishment of all who see him—the very first who has been

induced to wear such an article! His example however is followed; and Snip's purpose is served.

"It would be endless to enumerate how frequently and how suddenly these changes of fashion are rung upon the credulous. Certain however it is, that the tailor is the fashion-maker for the men, whilst the dress-makers and milliners practice the same arts upon the ladies.

"There is, however, another trick of trade. It is, to force new clothes upon fashionably-dressed men, because, by multiplying such models, the copies are multiplied of course. Moreover, when the extravagant cannot pay, he must play the tailor's game, by making other dupes pay it, who take the new fashion in imitation of the declining Exquisite."

Thus ended my friend; and I was quite satisfied of the truth of his remarks. I was now determined, more than ever, to adhere to my formal, grave, and convenient mode of dress; but I cannot help acknowledging and lamenting, that we are more regarded

by our coats than by our character, and that if a man be not in the last fashion, he must content himself with holding the last place in the beau monde.—It is not less melancholy than true, that the late Colonel M——, when expiring from his wound received in a duel, regretted that he had spoken so arrogantly to his antagonist (the cause of the quarrel), and assured the valiant knight, his second, that he did not take his antagonist for a gentleman until it was too late, merely on account of his having on "a coat of the fashion of the last year."

N° X.

THE

NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus et du moins.

BOILEAU.

THE

NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

"WELL, Stephen," said I to an old acquaintance, "how are you to-day?" "Considering existing circumstances," replied he, "I am pretty well." "What circumstances?" said I. "Oh!" answered he, "nothing but the pressure of business, a general correspondence, letters innumerable to answer, precedents to examine, friends to oblige, and so forth." "Very odd!" thought I! "a merchant's son—a stupid one too—plenty of money—as lazy as a sloth! what can all this mean!"

I sat down and glanced my eye over the paper, whilst he stood leaning on the left haunch, the right foot advanced, his head a little inclined towards me, his right hand

clenching a two-penny-post letter, rounded like some of the bad statues in our squares, his left hand thrust into the pocket of his pantaloons, and his whole figure displaying a studied attitude! He now looked in the glass, dropped the letter, as if he was presenting it to some one, stood upright, thrust the right hand into his breast, and faced me like an over-grown image, or a full length in a niche.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" said I. "Order, order," replied Stephen, looking at himself in the glass. "A little touched!" quoth I to myself. I remember hearing that his grandfather, the bacon-man, died in St. Luke's, that he left his son Roger a large fortune, that Roger became a sleeping partner in a mercantile concern, and left the profits to this Stephen, who seems to be a noon-dreamer.

I took up the paper once more. Stephen, the while, looked at a parcel of letters and smiled. Then assuming another studied attitude, he faced his mirror again, and paid me the compliment of listening whilst I read a few

paragraphs aloud; but I soon found he did so, only to give himself an opportunity of practising the outward signs of parliamentary approbation or disapprobation. When he disliked the subject, he coughed and scraped his feet; when he liked it, he cried "Hear, hear." "Upon my word," said I, "you seem to be so occupied and so out of reason, that I wish you good morning." I hastily withdrew; the young man remaining fixed before his looking-glass. "Chair, chair," I heard as I went down stairs.

Meeting an old servant of his, I said to him, "I fear your master is not well. He seems in a kind of hurry that is not consistent with sound reason. He was a very silent dull boy when he was at the Charter-House, and he now does nothing but talk, and that very incoherently also." "Law bless ye!" replied honest John, "he is only a little overjoyed and proud. He came home last night from Cornwall; and he has done nothing ever since, but place the chairs like so many folk, walk in and out of the room, practise how to take a

seat with a particular grace, rise up and sit down again, screap us feet, and cough, change us hattitoods afore the glass, cry aye and noah! order, hear, hear." "Very bad symptoms indeed!" observed I.

"That's not all," said John. "He takes up a sheet o' peaper and fills it with nought but us neame; and then he rung for I, and when I came into the room, he made me sit down in a high chair, and standing up afore me with a quire o' peaper rolled up in his hand, he muttered some gibberidge, called the blank peaper a rode bill, and then bid me go about my business. Now I knew that I paid all the bills last week. Taking pity on him as I shut the door, I opens it again and looks back saying, 'master when will you have dinner?' 'When the plebous question is disposed of,' said he—'at the division—when the house is up.'" "Aye, its all up with him," said I.

"Well, so thought I," cried John, laughing immoderately. "I thought as how master was turned out a right fool at last: but it's noah such a thing; he's only made a parlia-

ment man of. As been down and bought a burrough and every mother's son in't; and us come hoame as pleased as the pigs (a very suitable simile). The packet afore him were franks; and he has rit us name fifty toimes to practize (the word syllabled and the *tize* as long as my arm). He has also spoiled a quire o'peaper in writing to humself, with a large M.P. at the end of us name.

"I mentioned master's madness to Lord Liquorpond's scullion; and he towld me for my comfort never to mind: it was only a boyish frolic. 'Bless you,' says the scullion, and he, sir, reads the debates every day; 'let'en have his way; it's only the glory of the thing—the impulse o' the moment, when he comes to the house he'll be as mute as a mack'rel." "I wish he were there now," said I.

Here ended John's account; and as I was going out of the door, I heard Silly Stephen call John. "John! John!" said he, "run after the gentleman and ask if he will have a frank? I have only received one letter from my constituents, containing a publican's bill: it shall be laid on the table. No; on second

consideration, it shall be thrown out. Therefore, John, you see that I have lots of franks to give and to receive, and if you want to write to your friends, you may call upon me. They may direct too to you, under cover—mind under cover to Stephen ———, Esq. M.P. You know that I am now returned." "Mercy defend us! What a resemblance there is betwixt St. Stephen's Chapel and St. Luke's Hospital!" thought

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° XI.

WANT OF MIND.

Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. POPE.

WANT OF MIND.

I HAPPENED to be on a visit to a certain duke, where I met with an old maid of sixty. The weather was very rainy, and the company at the castle were thus disposed of. In spite of the inclemency of the season, his Grace and the young men of the party went to encounter the inconveniences and the dangers of the chace. The duchess, who is a pattern of piety, ordered her umbrella and garden-chair, and went her round of charity, to pay her pensioners, to examine the scholars at her school, to inspect a little manufactory of her institution, and, finally, to visit the sick. I had the offer of a horse, a gun, or a fishing-rod; but the library being a

most valuable one, I preferred profiting by the opportunity which it afforded of turning over some rare works.

The aged spinster was invited to accompany her grace in her morning round; but she observed that she abhorred hospitals and schools—in the former there might be infection, in the latter, what was to be seen but a parcel of stupid brats. A pretty amusement indeed to be stunned with A.B. ab! and B.A. ba! besides, she hated to see scenes of distress. They made her low spirited. She was therefore told that she might either spend her morning in the library, or in the music-room, if the young ladies' practising would be any amusement to her. These two propositions she likewise rejected; for she never read, and she disliked music. Whilst I was in the library, I heard her go up and down stairs a dozen times; and as often open the front door to see if it had cleared up. She then came into the library, and looked at a port-folio of caricatures; and eyeing me angrily, said, "What a bookworm you are! I should think that

a game of piquet would be just as amusing as looking at those plates." I did not take the hint. She then yawned immoderately, went out, and slammed the door.

She next amused herself for five minutes in catching flies at the window, sighed profoundly, and went up to her room. There she lay on the bed for an hour, and then rose again. The rain increased, and she grew nervous in the extreme. She sent a footman to the village in the neighbourhood for a number of novels, although she did not like reading; but she was driven to despair. It so happened, however, that she had skimmed all these books before, and she threw them down in a rage. She now played with the monkey, and grew hysterical. She took some ether, next some brandy. She then rung the bell, sent for me, and when I came into the room, I found her in a flood of tears. She told me that the depression of her spirits was excessive, and that she felt as if her heart would break. I now proposed in pity to her a game at

piquet; but she was too ill to avail herself of my tardy politeness. A neighbouring apothecary was sent for, who gave her some medicine for nervous attacks. By this time the family returned, the paroxysm passed, the Madeira at dinner revived her, and cards amused her during the evening.

I was anxious to find out whether she had any distress on her mind, whether her constitution was so injured as to make her an object of pity, whether any family calamity affected her, or whether her circumstances were impaired. I was informed, on the contrary, that she had seven hundred per annum, and lived almost all the year round on her friends; that she had no one to support but her own maid; that she never gave in charity, and that she was selfish in the extreme, took regular exercise, and enjoyed good health, except when low spirits seized her. She passed a great portion of her time at cards, and was never seen to take up a needle or a book, but occasionally made her maid read a novel to her, or rather skim it. She was very fond of public

places, and could not endure retirement. So great was her ignorance, that she asked me if Iceland was not in America, and enquired if the Pacific Ocean bore the same name in time of war.

This want of mind, or rather this want of mental cultivation, is pitiable even in youth; in old age it is contemptible. If any thing can render grey hairs dishonourable, it is ignorance or vice: the one creates disgust, the other inspires hatred. To see an old female doll be-patched and be-plastered with paint, with false teeth, false hair, and penciled eyebrows, is a sorry sight. Nor is the aged libertine with flaxen wig and charcoal eyebrows, laced and imprisoned in a cravat, in order to puff out the furrows on his cheek, a less contemptible object. When the former can converse on nothing but scandal or fashion, and when the latter knows nothing beyond a trick or two at cards, or the Court Calendar by heart, but is ignorant of all science and literature, he is too silly even for the society of children. When again his conversation is immoral and

obscene, he is below the notice of any but the lowest of his species, and should herd with the base, the ignorant, and the depraved, alone.

Ere I close this essay, I cannot help observing, that his grace and the party returned wet through, and very much disappointed at the hunt being spoiled.

Their whole conversation turned upon the brute-creation, horses, dogs, deer, and foxes. They drank plentifully, and went late to bed. The duke was then upwards of sixty. One of the party boasted that, at seventy-two, he was as keen a sportsman as ever, and never missed a hunting day;—that in the summer he passed six hours on horseback, and as many at table, and slept the clock round, as he termed it; that is to say, he slept away one half of his life, rode and drank away the other. This accounted for the turn which conversation took. Indeed, what rational ideas could be looked for from a man who was asleep or drunk three-fourths of his time, and on horseback the other quarter part? The duke, doubtless, accommodated

his discourse to this aged sportsman. For my part, I regretted the great loss of time, and that so little intellect should reign at so hospitable a feast, as to render it quite irksome to

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N° XII.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

The wheel of life is turning quickly round,
And in one place is very seldom found:
The mid'wife wheels us in, and death he wheels us out,
Good lack-a-day! how we are wheeled about.

OLD BALLAD.

And nothing is but what is not. SHAKESPEARE.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

"What a host of blunders I have been committing this morning!" said my rattle of a cousin, the Guardsman. "Confound me if I ever make another morning call, or ever venture to talk upon religion, politics, or any other topic but horse-racing or drinking, as long as I live. I have no doubt but that I shall be disinherited by my aunt, Lady Agnes; that the General will never speak to me again; and that the money-lending agent will never advance me another shilling. The devil is in the town! Such sudden changes, religious, political, and moral. It is like an unsteady climate, for which one has to alter one's dress half a

dozen times a day: a man requires a diary of his acquaintance's actions, to regulate his features and conversation by. Who on earth would have expected my old aunt to have turned methodist; the General to be a government man; or the old rascal Cent-per-cent to be a moralist? Why, my aunt was the gayest of the gay in her youth, and has sat up all night playing at brag and drinking noyeau like a dragoon for the last twenty years. The General used to put you to sleep with his philippics against the administration, bribery, corruption, violation of the privileges of the people, borough-mongers, the influence of the aristocracy, and court favour. And as for old Cocker (as I used to call him), he was the hardest going old villain I ever knew, and cost me many a headache when I wanted a loan from him. Now, forsooth, he is all honesty and morality."

"What a reprobate you are," said I to this scape-grace. "Not at all, Sir: but hear my story." And here it may be remarked, that notwithstanding the disparity of years and

the difference of habit betwixt this giddy youth and myself, yet as he has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from me, and as I loved him in his childhood, he tells me all his adventures and all his scrapes.

"I had heard," recommenced he, "that my aunt was verily ill, and I thought perhaps that she was about to quit; so I thought it was as politic to pay her a visit, and to do the pretty, by shewing her a little attention for a short time. 'How are you, aunt?' said I as I entered her apartment: 'You don't look so ill (this was not true; she looked very ill, which I thought rather promising to me): pray what is your complaint?' 'It is what my physicians call dyspesia,' replied she, — 'a debility of the stomach, which is scarcely able to perform its office; I have not eaten an ounce of solid food' (she said nothing about drink) 'for this last fortnight: but this,' continued she, laying her hand on a folio bible, 'this is my food.' 'Rather new diet, aunt!' answered I: 'no wonder that you cannot digest it all at once: why you don't think I can swallow

that?' 'What do you mean?' answered she, who could not stomach my remark. 'Why have the Bethel and Ebenezer people, the Jumpers or the Methodists got hold of you?' 'Peace, reprobate,' cried she; 'I am under conviction.' Of what crime, thought I to myself! but I saw it was in vain to proceed. She gave me a very severe lecture on leading an exemplary life, and quoted Scripture at every sentence, accompanied by a turning up of her eyes, which so alarmed me that I was glad to get clear of her.

"From my aunt's I proceeded to the General's, where, as I had a favour to ask, I pretended (as usual) to be of his opinion in politics, by way of giving him an opportunity to grumble, and by that means to gain my point. I began by abusing ministry, and by saying that we were ruined; but I soon found that as my aunt, who was under conviction, had received a new light, so the General, who was about to get into the House, had embraced a new political creed. He had, it seems, had an offer of a seat, on condition that he should bind himself to a

certain line of conduct, and he had readily agreed to these terms from the vanity of being a Parliament man. My diatribe was therefore most inopportune. He contented himself with observing, that men had a right to change their opinions upon *conviction*, and that as he felt his former notions were erroneous, he was not ashamed of saying that he had altered them. He added, that he was sorry to see me so intemperate in my politics, and concluded by observing, that it was the duty of every military man to strengthen the hands of government, and that when he did not do so, he thought that his sovereign ought to dispense with his services. This was truly alarming to one who had just embarked in a favourite profession: so I explained away in the best manner I could, and withdrew, regretting my unsuccessful hypocrisy.

"The want of cash now drove me to the agent and money-scrivener, with whom I have often been obliged to mispend an hour in excessive drinking, in order to bring him

into lending me at usurious interest. I found him (instead of being in a suit of mourning, and his bald head powdered, half tipsy, and a pen behind his ear) reclined on a sofa, in a new olive coloured tunique, a flaxen wig, white trowsers, and a white hat, under which his purpureal countenance studded with topaz blotches had a very curious effect. He was moreover perfectly sober. 'Well, old Cocker,' said I, 'how are you to-day? have you had your drop? and how's Peg?' (his housekeeper.) 'Sir,' replied the old villain, 'you make very free; I have left off drinking in a morning; and as for Mrs. Tripartite, Margaret that was, I must have her treated with the respect due to my spouse.' I remembered having treated her very often before; but I saw that the game was up here also, for the old usurer had been married that morning. I contented myself with asking for a hundred pounds by way of bill at two months, for which I offered ten guineas premium; but I was refused. I therefore blew up the hoary humbug *à la*

Congreve. I told him he was an old hypocrite and an usurer; that I had too often demeaned myself by my condescensions towards him; that I regretted that I had been so often his dupe; that in future I should keep company better suited to my age and to my rank in life; and that Peg and he might go to the devil their own way.

"Defeated thus at all points, I am come to you for the loan of the sum in question, which as a soldier and a gentleman I will return you in two months. I shall not offend you by talking of interest; but my gratitude may be some compensation for obliging me, and for laying out your money for this short time. I shall make no promises, but I will try and be steadier; for I know I am going a little too hard. And now you have heard my whole story."

I am neither rich nor poor; but I live well, am independent, model my own conduct by prudence, and have leisure to watch the conduct of others.

There appeared so much candour in this

youth's story, that I lent him the money; and—he paid me honourably. There are many instances of these fops in the dressing-room being heroes abroad; and not unfrequently rakes of twenty turn to something very good in ten years after.

N° XIII.

THE WATERLOO PANORAMA.

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named.

SHAKESPEARE.

Their infantry, embattled square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle space,
Covered by their advancing cavalry :
By Heaven, 'tis beauteous horror.

DRYDEN.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - The day
Battle's magnificently stern array,
The thunder-clouds close o'er, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own way shall cover heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.

BYRON.

THE WATERLOO PANORAMA

"I HAVE just returned with my uncle, the General, from the Panorama of Waterloo," said Lady Mary. "He described the action so well, that I really could see the Cuirassiers charge three distinct times, could in return hear the Scottish Royals and immortal Greys shout 'Scotland for ever." I could see them hew in pieces the steel-clad warriors of France, could see Napoleon's countenance change at the operations of 'ces terribles chevaux gris,' and could behold its expression of consternation, as when leaning over the horse of his peasant guide, and discerning the columns of Prussians advancing like a cloud in the horizon, he exclaimed, 'tout est perdu!'

"So charmed was my uncle, that I actually began to fear that we should have to pass the night on the field of battle, or to bivouac somewhere in the neighbourhood. So much however do I respect my elders, and above all, the brave defenders of my country, that I did not presume to interrupt him in his progress over the gory field, but striking my repeater as if by accident, he perceived that it was six o'clock, and that we were not dressed for dinner. He therefore made some general observations and we withdrew. But I shall say no more on the subject. I advise you to go and see it: it is well worth your while; and I trust that the scene will have interest for a Briton a century hence, when we and when our's are no more. Our heroes have gathered their laurels in vain, unless the dews of immortality falling from on high preserve them; the brave but sleep, the coward perishes and is forgotten." Here a glow of heroism lit up her countenance, and she appeared to me something more than woman.

I now prepared to follow her advice; and

I went directly to the Panorama. The room was crowded with company, and the representation was just what she had described. Luckily for me, I fell in with an officer of the intrepid Scotch Greys, who gave me much information on the subject: that corps covered itself with glory; and of course, no one was better able to describe the battle, than one who had so much contributed to its renown.

When the officer had concluded his observations, I retired to a corner in order to observe the company. In all assemblages of people, a spectator may learn much. The following is a roughly sketched outline of what struck me most.

There were groups of all classes, and feelings of as many descriptions: — The man and woman of quality, proud to distinguish on the canvass some hero who added lustre to their name,—the female of sensibility, who heaved the deep sigh for some relative or bosom friend left on the bed of glory,—the military spectator, who had been an actor in the scene, and who, pride beaming in his

countenance, yet wrapt in silence, looked on the representation of that awful and eventful reality,—or the garrulous but worthy veteran, who saw his own deeds of arms live again in the pictured story, and who, bereft of an arm or of a leg, and leaning on a friend, indulged in the gratifying account of what his country owed him, whilst,

> "Thrice he routed all his foes,
> "And thrice he slew the slain."

There also was the exquisite militaire, youthful and blooming, affected and vain, lounging with an air of *sans souci*, a tooth-pick or a violet in his mouth, a quizzing-glass either suspended round his neck or fixed in the socket of his eye, seeming to disdain taking an interest in the thing, yet lisping out, "Upon my *thoul*, it's d——d like, d——d like indeed,—*yeth*, that's just the place where we *lotht tho* many men,—it's quite *ridiculouth*, how *like* it *ith*." What a contrast! so much valour, yet so much feminine conceit, starch and perfume, whale-bone and pasteboard! It is however not

less true, that these fops, who take so much care of their pretty persons out of the field, take no care of them in it.

Here were idlers looking at the action merely as a picture; and there were vacant countenances staring at nothing but the company:—in one place a fat citizen came in merely to rest himself; and in another, a pretty brunette of the second class, whose only business was to meet my Lord. In a third corner I could see a happy couple enjoying the short space previous to a permanent union, and who came here for fashion's sake, or to be alone in the world, and thus to escape the attention of a smaller circle; for there exists a certain retirement or solitude in crowds, known only to the few. This couple took as much interest in the battle of Waterloo as in the fire of London.

At the entrance were some jealous painters looking out for defects in the piece; and in the doorway was a covey of beauties surrounded by fashionables, who seemed scarcely to know why they came there, and enjoying nothing but their own conversation.

"What a squeeze at the Dowager's last night?" drawls out a male coquette. "Monstrous pleasant party at Lord Foppington's!" lisps another epicene-looking thing; "if," continued it, "the fat Countess had less rage for waltzing, and the old Dandy would give up sailing through the quadrille;" "or," (observed a British lady clad in every thing from France, and covered with folds of drapery, circles of ribbons and tucks, tier over tier of flounces, and quillings of lace and puffings of all sorts, in the directly opposite extreme to the flimsy garments in which the ladies appeared a few years since, as if they were sewed up in a tight bag; not to forget her waist, which ended where it once begun, and the hump betwixt her shoulders, so thick with wadding that it must be nearly bomb-proof)—"Or if," exclaimed she, "the Duchess's proud daughter, who seemed to doze through the figure of the dance, and to look upon all possible partners as beneath her, had been absent."

"Not so with Lady Evremont," exclaimed a disdainful woman of qualily, (whose short

upturned nose, step *à la Française*, rapid delivery in discourse, and fiery eye, bespoke heat of temper and swelling of pride),—" not so with her ladyship! she thought herself the very loadstone of attraction, and considered dancing as a loss of time. I am sure if I were her husband ——" " You would," interrupted an elderly Exquisite of sickly composure but of satirical dissatisfied aspect,—" you would do just what her husband does, namely, not care sixpence about her, but leave her to herself." This produced a general laugh, but in the moderate key of fashionable mirth; for the whole circle was composed of her enemies.—Why? Because she is beautiful.

" What brought you here, Sir George?" sighed out a languid looking widow of fashion. " The attraction of your beauty." " Stuff!" exclaimed the widow, in a more animated tone, biting her lips (not spitefully but playfully) and twinkling her eyes. " And you, Major?" " A shower of rain," replied the Hibernian. " Oh! then I have nothing to do with your coming." " Nothing, except

(recovered Pat) that whilst it rains without, you reign within, in every heart and in every mind." "None of your nonsense!" cried the Widow, putting her hand on his lips. "I hate flattery—blarney I believe you call it." "Just what you please; truth is truth still, in English, Irish, or even Dutch," concluded he. The lady appeared delighted; but turning round to a boarding-school cousin, endeavoured to hide her satisfaction by saying, "I do hate so many compliments." I extricated myself from this buz of high life, giving and receiving acknowledgments from those of my acquaintance who formed a part of the circle; and on my exit, I perceived some wry faces and some discontented looks at the door. These were French people come over here, all with a view of gain, in some shape or other, but who sickened at any thing which lowered France, *avec ses armées victorieuses*, which so long gave laws to the greater part of Europe, but could never dictate them to us. As much was said by the French, about their Légion d'Honneur and Napoleon's Invincibles, as

ever ancient history has trumpeted concerning the sacred battalion commanded by Pelopidas, but I did not stay long to listen to them.

I left the Panorama more of a Briton than ever: I had, on many occasions, considered myself as a cosmopolite; but upon this one, I confessed myself to be wholly an Englishman; and I was proud of the title. Divers ideas of my country's glory rushed on my brain at the same instant: and as I was sauntering along the *pavé* of London, so eulogized by Voltaire as an emblem of our constitution, and formed equally for the little and for the great, I caught myself in a reverie, and was actually muttering

"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the chief,
"England shall tell the fight."

From this brown study I was awakened by the ringing of a bell, and the cry of "*Dust, ho!*" It was a good lesson of humility, and brought me to a sense of my own nothingness; but it was a very unwelcome one to me in the heroics in which it found me, and

ill-suited the temper of my mind at that moment. "Ah! well," said I to myself, "Dust, ho! We must all be dust at last; yes, we must all come to that." The fellow rang his bell again:—it seemed to have a more solemn sound; it put me in low spirits; and I could almost have wished him at Waterloo himself, for charming away the "visions of glory" which had begun to take possession of the imagination of

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N° XIV.

THE FEMALE CHARIOTEER.

Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis. HORAT.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong.

YOUNG.

THE FEMALE CHARIOTEER.

After waiting an hour at the Mount, for an old officer returned from India, whom I had not seen for many years, I was proceeding across Bond Street, full of my disappointment, and looking back to the days of our childhood, when first our intimacy commenced. Filled with these melancholy pleasing thoughts, I was almost stunned by the cry of "Hoy!" I turned round, and perceived a groom advancing towards me on horseback, and a curricle coming on me at the rate of nine miles per hour. The female charioteer pulled up with difficulty; and, in doing so, quite altered the lines of

a very comely countenance, for all was tugging and muscular exertion.

I was now just out of the line of danger, and the vehicle was abreast of me, when the other groom touching his hat, and the lady recognizing me and smiling, I perceived that it was Lady Dashalong, one of my best friends, who had nearly run over me. She apologized, was quite shocked, but could not conceive how I could be so absent; and, lastly, laid the blame on her horses, observing, that they had had so little work of late, that they were almost too much for her. A few civilities passed between us, with the usual barometrical and thermometrical observations of an Englishman, which are his great auxiliaries in conversation, and we parted.

During our short colloquy, one of her beautiful horses became what she called fidgety, for which she promised to pay him off in the Park. The other, at starting, shewed symptoms of great friskiness, for which she gave him a few dexterous cuts, distorting, in no small degree, her features

at the same time, as much as to say, "Will you? I'll be your master (not mistress; there is no such term in coachmanship, yet); I'll teach you better manners; I'll bring you to a sense of your duty," or something to that purpose.

I turned about to view her as she went along. She had a small round riding-hat on; she sat in a most coachmanlike manner, handled her whip in a very masterly style, and had altogether something quite gentlemanlike in her appearance. She was going at a bold and brisk trot; and, as she passed her numerous acquaintance, she was so intent upon the good management of her reins, and her eyes so fixed upon her high mettled cattle, that she could only give them a familiar, knowing, sideway nod of her head, very similar to what I have seen stage coachmen, hackneymen, and fashionable ruffians, their copies, give a brother whip, passing on the road, or when they almost graze another's wheel, or cut out a carriage, and turn round with a nod which means, "there's for you, what a flat you must be."

This led me to some reflections on female

charioteers in general. And first, to acquire any talent, it is necessary to learn it. How is the knowledge of driving obtained by the fairer sex?

If a lady take the reins from her husband, her brother, or her lover, it is a strong emblem of assuming the mastery. If she have no courage, no muscular strength, and no attention to the domination and guidance of her steeds, she becomes no driver, no whip, and runs the daily risk of breaking the neck of herself and her friends. If she do excel in this study, she becomes immediately masculine and severe: she punishes, when occasion requires, the animals which come under her lash; assumes an ungraceful attitude; heats her complexion by exertion; loses her softness by virtue of her office; runs the risk of hardening her hands, and may perchance harden her heart; at all events, she gains unfeminine habits, and such as are not easily got rid of.

If she learn of the family coachman, it must be allowed that it is not likely that he should give her any peculiar grace, nor teach her anything polite. The pleasure of

his company, whilst superintending her lesson, cannot much improve her mind; and the freedom of these teachers of coachmanship must be so offensive to her, that only a total loss of feeling, gradually worn away by the pride of excelling as a whip, can render them bearable to her.

When the accomplishment of driving is learned, what does it tend to? A waste of time; a masculine enjoyment; and loss of (I will not say moral, but) feminine character; of that sweet, soft, and overpowering submission to, and dependance on man, which, whilst it claims our protection, and awakens our dearest sympathies, our tenderest interests, enchants, attaches, and subdues us. I have known ladies so affected by an inordinate love for charioteering, that it has completely altered them, insomuch that they have at last become more at home in the stable than in the drawing-room. The very lady in question is so different when dressed for dinner, that her driving dress is a complete masquerade disguise, which I should never wish to see her in, and which certainly is not calculated to captivate

a lover nor to gain a husband, unless the latter be a slave who gives the whip-hand to his lady.

I now began to recollect the female whips of my acquaintance; and I found that I never could esteem one of them. A certain titled lady, who shall be nameless, since she is no more, used to excel in driving four milk-white horses in hand. Her face was a perfect enamel, something like China, from the paint which she used; and to see the thong of her whip fly about the leaders,—to behold her gather up her reins and square her elbows, was the delight of the ostlers and hackney coachmen about town, who, nevertheless, spoke very lightly of her at the same time. I confess that she became a complete object of disgust to myself, and to most thinking men of my acquaintance. She used frequently to drive out a male relation, which made the picture still more preposterous in my eyes; whilst the very praise of the lower classes alluded to, sunk her in my estimation.

And why do coachmen and pugilists,

grooms and jockies, praise the superior ranks of society for excelling in driving, in boxing, in horse-racing, or in riding like a postboy? Because it reduces the highest to the level of the lowest; because (to adopt their own expression, so often made use of by the bargemen on the Thames towards a certain Duke) he's not proud; he is just like one of us; he can tug at his oar; smoke and drink beer "like a man;" aye, and take his own part. That such qualities may, upon an emergency, prove useful, I admit; but his Grace, as well as all female charioteers, must excuse me from considering them as any way ornamental.

To return to my female driving friends. A certain fair daughter of green Erin used formerly to drive me out in her curricle: she is a perfect whip; and has, from conversing so much on the subject, and from seeing so much stable company, assumed a tone, an attitude, and a language, most foreign to her sex. Driving, one day, in the Circular Road, near Dublin, her horses pulled very hard, and would have blistered

common fingers; but, protected by stiff York tan gloves, and hardened by the management of the whip, she stood up and punished them, crying, "I'll take the shine out of you before I have done with you;" then, "keeping them up to their work," as she called it, and fanning furiously along, she exultingly exclaimed, all in a heat and flurry herself, "There and be —— " (I looked thunderstruck) "be hanged to you," concluded she, smiling at me, and resuming her sang froid.

A commoner's lady was my third driving acquaintance: she was very bold; given to the joys of the table; got lightly spoken of as to reputation; and, after all, overturned herself and broke her arm. My inquiries into the character of the other celebrated female whips, have not obtained any information which could change my opinion as to the advantages of a lady's becoming a good whip. It militates against the softness, the delicacy, the beauty, and attractions of the sex. I would ask any amateur, the greatest possible admirer of lovely wo-

man, whether her complexion being heated, her lips dry, and her features covered with dust, as she returns from a horse race, or from a morning drive, are circumstances of improvement to her in any way?

I doubt if our forefather Adam could have been captivated with Eve, had she appeared to him, either in a dream or in coarse reality, with a masculine expression of countenance, and with a four-horse whip in her hand; nor was it ever intended, that "those limbs, formed for the gentler offices of love," should be displayed behind prancing coach-horses, with an unwieldy whip in one hand and a gross mass of leather in the other. The very diamond itself is unseemly when clad in its rough coat of earth: 'tis the high polish which it receives that displays its hidden lustre, and which, reflecting its real worth, makes it so brilliant and so eminently valuable.

Thus it is with woman; every thing which tends to divest her of the asperity and ruggedness of the inferior part of our sex, augments her attractions: every thing which

can assimilate her to the harshness of man, despoils her of her richest ornaments, and lowers her in our estimation. I remember once passing a lady in the King's Road, one of whose outriders had dismounted and was adjusting something about the reins, whilst the other was holding his horse behind. The lady and the groom, who appeared to be her instructor in the art of coachmanship, had much conversation respecting the cattle. The latter said, "Give him his hiding, my Lady, and don't spare him." To which she elegantly replied, "D—n the little horse." This gave the finishing confirmation to my former opinion.

I know that it will be objected to me, that these vulgarities are not general in high-bred coachwomen, and that they are not necessary; but to this I beg leave to answer, that their very existence is odious; and that if, on the one hand, these vices are not absolutely a part of coachmanship, on the other, coachmanship, or charioteering, is not at all necessary to a woman's accomplishments, nor even to her amusement.

N° XV.

A STRANGER.

— Egregii Mortalem, alti silenti!

VIRG.

A STRANGER.

I ONCE took up my quarters at Hampton Court, not attracted either by King Charles's beauties, nor by the more modern English beauties, who stand in portraiture to amuse the eye of royalty; but from my liking a dry walk in Bushy Park, from the habit of being in the vicinity of a palace, and, above all, from the convenience of being but a short distance from the metropolis.

Making my daily walk, I observed a tall handsome old man, in a fashionable military great coat, a black silk handkerchief round his neck, fine and transcendently snowy linen, highly polished boots; and having an air of hauteur, a princely gait, a something challeng-

ing, yet not uncourtly in his eye, a polite deportment, and the ease of the first circles. He was, evidently, a military man, but not on duty at the palace. Yet he came from the interior of it more than once; so that I, for a while, considered him as some nobleman, who visited the royal tenant of the Stud-house,—perhaps a foreigner of distinction. His ease, however, which was purely English, and of the very highest polish, bespoke him to be a travelled Briton. The poorer order of people looked up to him; the female children dropped their courtesy to him; the boys gazed in admiration on him, and paid him their tribute of humility: while the grown people gave him the wall, and seemed to salute him more from impulse, than from reflection, interest, or calculation. The higher ranks eyed him obliquely, and observed gently to each other, "That's an old man of fashion. I wonder who he is!—some high personage, perhaps, incog.!" Politeness forbade the broader stare, the returning eye, or the frequent looking back.

I myself felt respect for this person, and

deference mingled with interest, and with increasing curiosity, each time that we met. I particularly noticed that he returned all these marks of homage with eminent condescension, and with a grace which appeared to be the effect of symmetry of person, external accomplishment, gratitude and warmth of heart, gently (almost imperceptibly) heated by conscious pride,—such pride as softens whilst it heats—such as mars not humanity, whilst it exalts us above the crowd. There was, too, a jealous look at times, which puzzled me. Was it fear? No; the brow of the veteran gave the broad lie to such an insinuation. Was it the effect of concealment? His constant midday walk seemed to counteract that suspicion. Was his conscience galled and guilty? His full blue eye, mild when it beamed in courtesy or in acknowledgement of notice, bespoke a soul superior to all baseness.

I was determined to get acquainted with him; and I accordingly addressed him one day at the promenade. Inquiring the hour, he informed me, accompanied by a drawing-

room bow, "that it had just struck one," but did not produce a watch. The next day I sat down beside him on a bench, and fell into general conversation with him. This I repeated daily for a week, when I was encouraged to invite him to dinner, alleging that my solitude, and the improvement which I received from his conversation (for he spoke several languages, and had travelled much), would make his accepting this abrupt request, unpreceded by my dropping my card at his house, a favour of the first value. Then, putting my card into his hand, I told him, "that I should always be flattered to see him according to that address."

He assured me in the most urbane language, with a depression of eye-lid which met my very soul, "that he was penetrated with gratitude at so unexpected and at so unmerited a mark of distinction and kindness; and that he the more gratefully acknowledged the favour, as he could feel and appreciate the sympathy from which it flowed." Then looking half severe and

haughty, as if struggling with a mingled and opposing feeling, he added, "we are both of us *solitaires;* but retirement and solitude suit best my present habits, nor could I allow myself to share your hospitable repast, nor to indulge in your society without a reciprocal invitation on my part, which, at present, is impossible." Thus saying, he withdrew precipitately, as if overcome by his feelings, and in this last sentence his voice failed; the word impossible stuck in the organ of utterance; it had half the decision of a sentence passed, yet half expired in a sigh; all the emphasis too was placed on the *impossibility*, not on the period, *at present:* the latter might have contained hope—the former assumed the shape of despair—it meant—never.

And now he was out of my sight, bowing and waving his hand. My eyes followed him until I felt them pain me. His tall, manly, yet somewhat tragical figure, magnified in my struggling tear; its tremulous motion gave a fleeting, wavering air to the diminishing object; I looked fixedly upon

him,—ashamed, yet indulging a deep sensation of melancholy; the briny drop fell from my eyelid; and my friend, of a few days, faded from my sight.

And here, gentle reader,—soul of sensibility, or giddy tenant of fashion's airy temple,—heart swelled with triumphant prosperity, or sinking bosom of experienced woe,—purple-robed proud one, or sober child of adversity,—pardon an old man's weakness, and as I take off my glasses to wipe from them the dew which now dims my view, reflect, for a moment, on the uncertainty of all human events, and then—let us proceed together.

To shed tears on account of an elderly person, almost wholly unknown, and whose mysterious appearance alone created interest and curiosity, may, at first sight, appear weak; but the sequel proved, that I had reason to grieve that there are secret and imperceptible springs on which our very agonies and ecstasies are hung, and that the chord vibrates the most awfully and impressively when touched by an impercepti-

ble hand; as the wild sounds of the Æolian harp thrill us the more as the increasing or dying wind steals unperceived upon them, and as we are unprepared for the form and force with which it may flow over our passions,—how it may distract or harmonize our minds, how it may accord with our sympathies, may soothe our sufferings, or may subdue our pride. Whenever the soul is thus assailed, it is indeed—the Divinity which "stirs within us,"—it is the hidden hand which points out an hereafter, the secret instructor who practically shows us that we are not mere matter, and that neither the majestic lion nor the humble steer can feel this, nor aught which looks not up to heaven with hope, with sympathy, and with fear.

I lost sight of the stranger for three days; but I was resolved, by describing him, to learn who and what he was. In this last research I was baffled. But I discovered his miserable lodging. He had left it the last day on which we met. The landlady observed, "that he had paid her; but that he came without luggage, and had quitted

her in the same manner. He had just one change of linen wrapped in a cambric pocket-handkerchief; he also came and departed on foot; she never saw him take a regular meal; but, more than once, observed him eating biscuits in the Park; she had missed a gold ring which he wore, which she conjectured he had sold; she was sure that he was distressed for money; he used to write a number of letters to great people and to ministers, but she never saw an answer come in return: he paid beforehand; and she never knew his name. Moreover she thought that he had met with a repulse at the palace; where he was gone she could not tell,—but she was sure that he was too pious to make away with himself."

From that moment to this I have never seen nor heard of him.—"And art thou fled for ever, interesting old man?" said I, "Must I, on whom ease and affluence are bestowed, never share my fortune with thee? Must I be refused the only unmixed pleasure here below, namely, the gladdening of the dejected heart, and the leading of the op-

pressed spirit to triumph over its enemies? cruel fate! And oh! ye rich ones of the land! ye whose appetite is your only idol,—whose intemperance is your only pursuit, if ye meet with such a man, spare the full goblet and the gorgeous banquet, and pour, from an unknown hand, the overflowings of your tables into his purse; break not entirely the bruised spirit, by coarse and lying excuses for not succouring your brother, and dare not to offend the dignity of virtuous poverty by paltry and inefficient offerings, which, whilst they may satisfy the narrow mind from which they proceed, reflect the donor's baseness, and add a pang to the many which the poor man has to bear. Let your generosity be equivalent to your means, and your affectionate humility in giving be in proportion to the elevation of the distressed; for poverty, when adorned by virtue, is only obscured; it quits not its eminence here; it increases its elevation hereafter.

How often, as I am eating my filberts and taking my glass of wine, with my invalid dog at my feet and my gold snuff-box on my

table, do I sigh, and wish that the latter could be melted and conveyed to the poor gentleman; that I could take him to my heart, and clench his hand firmly in mine; that we could converse as formerly together, and that the generous tide which then increased the circulation in me, could swell his languid pulse, and give an irradiating glow to his interesting and gentlemanlike countenance!

N° XVI.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

. . . . . Immania monstra
Preferimus . . . . . VIRGIL.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

It has always appeared to me, that the stronger passions, such as avarice, ambition, and revenge, appear with double deformity in the softer sex. They disfigure the beauty of woman, and completely change her nature. Gaming, which is a compound of idleness and of cupidity, has precisely the same tendency, and hurries the fairest work of nature into the greatest excesses.

There is, however, a minor species of play which is not so dangerous, and which can be blamed only for the loss of time which it occasions. It is one of the taxes on a man in society to be compelled to sit down, for

such a space of time, at a card-table, at routs, and at other evening parties. I feel a *je ne sais quoi* of misery and disgust, the moment the fair lady of the house presents me the pack of cards to draw one; and I view myself destined to be fixed to my chair for at least one rubber, or perhaps more. Then farewell conversation; farewell my greatest amusement — observation; farewell mirth, and all variety!

A young Exquisite may just make his appearance for a few minutes, make his bow to the lady of the house, cast a glance round, in order to be able to count all the beauty and fashion in the room, and then withdraw, throw himself into his chariot or vis-à-vis, and repeat the same brief visit at two or three other parties in the course of the night. A dancer may escape the card tax. But a man of serious habits, and of middle age, must pay the forfeit of money and of time.

It is astonishing how many hours this occupation engrosses in high life. Lady Lansquenette assured me, that she played three rubbers of whist regularly every evening,

unless she sat down to some game of chance. In the former case she devoted nearly three hours per diem to cards; in the latter, the whole evening. In wet weather she played in the morning; and at Castle Costley, she always spent two or three hours before dinner at cards, when the state of the atmosphere, or the roads prevented her going out. Averaging her play hours at four or five per day, they compose one third of her time, since her ladyship devotes twelve hours to rest. Now, abstracting four more for her toilette, which is not less than it takes, there are but four hours remaining for any rational employment, out of which breakfast and dinner time are to be deducted.

I met with her the other night at Lady Racket's; and she immediately hooked me in for a rubber. I had scarcely got clear of this engagement, and of five guineas at the same time, having lost five points, when I was entreated to sit down to cassino in company with Mrs. Marvellous, Sir Herbert Maxton, and Lady Longtick. I the more readily, however, complied with the request

of my right honourable hostess, as at cassino the attention is not so entirely taken up; less importance is attached to the game; and a little light and desultory conversation may be allowed; whilst at whist you see grave faces sitting in judgment over your play, and observe as much interest and anxiety, as much silence and attention, as a speech of Demosthenes would have claimed from his auditors.

"Come," said Lady Racket to me, "you must make one at cassino; (then lowering her voice) you will have the charms of Lady Longtick to contemplate; and Mrs. Marvellous will amuse you with some very astonishing stories in the intervals of the deal." "Your Ladyship's commands are so many laws to me," said I, resignedly taking my place at the table. "The Hermit!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvellous, in a half whisper to Sir Herbert. They both elevated their eyebrows — as much as to say, "here's a fellow who will observe us closely." I made my best bow, and took my seat.

We drew cards, and I fell to the lot of

Mrs. Marvellous. "You must not scold me if I play ill," said she. "Not for the world," answered I; "I never scolded a lady in my life." "I wish I could say as much of Sir Herbert," said she; "indeed it was nothing short of cruelty, your crossness to Lady Maxton yesterday; you actually brought tears into her eyes." "Nonsense," exclaimed the Baronet; "you know I wanted not to play at all; but the Nabob could not make up his party without us, and I hate above all to play with my wife; married couples never ought to play together," "Unless," interrupted Lady Longtick, "they understand one another as well as our friends in Portland Place." "And then," replied the Baronet, "it is not very pleasant to play against them." (A general smile.)

"It is your deal, Mrs. Marvellous." "Two and three are five." "The heart is your's, Lady Longtick, and little cas falls to me." "Have you heard of the royal marriages?" "Three tricks by Jupiter!"—"The naval Duke." "Your knave, my Lady."—"I am quite out of luck." "How many aces, Sir

Herbert?" "One, and that's quite enough." "Bravo, Mrs. Marvellous," said I, you are always fortunate; 'tis my trick." (Mrs. Marvellous) "Have you heard that Lady Barbara Blankton has," (interrupted by the Baronet) "Cut, Madam." "Yes, Sir Herbert, she has cut, and left her lovely children,"—"Your ladyship's game,"—"to the mercy of the world. How shocking for her three daughters!" "A double game, Mrs. Marvellous." "She certainly had the most indulgent husband in the world." "The base wretch, I have no patience with her." "A hard rub." "Yet I could always see through her conduct." "Had you said through her drapery," replied Sir Herbert, "I should have been satisfied that you were right, for she was a walking transparency. But here comes her cousin the General." "The game is up."

Released from my party, I walked round the room, and cast an eye on the different tables. I stopped, for a moment, behind my friend Lord Levity's chair, and contemplated the countenances at an unlimited loo. "I pass, said Lady Lavish, in a tone of broken-

heartedness which told me that she had lost. Every feature was changed, the warm smile which gives such attractions to her countenance had disappeared: dejection filled her eyes; and despair sat on every feature. Mrs. Beverly was also a great loser; not less than eighty guineas did she pay for her night's pastime. She put on a sort of placid look, a well-bred indifference, a forced smile; but nature, true to its feelings, betrayed the secret of her mind, and gave the outlines of revenge and disappointment to her countenance. "You are out of luck," observed I. "A trifle," answered she, with an assumption of tranquillity, which imposed upon nobody.

The three ladies —— (the eldest only eighteen) were all anxiety. The youthful lustre of their complexions was marred by a flush of intemperate feeling and eagerness to win. Their eyes were attentively rivetted to the cards; and from time to time, they communed with each other by glances of satisfaction, doubt, or discontent. Whilst these three graces were thus metamorphosed by

their attention to their bad or good fortune, Colonel Crab sneered as he was pocketing his gains, and Lady Mary Moody expressed the intoxication of success. This she strove to stifle; but it flushed on her cheek, spoke on her half opened lip, and sparkled in her eyes. How little do these fair creatures, thought I, know how their looks betray them! So much are they a prey to the passion of gaming that not even these magnificent Venetian mirrors can bring a useful reflection to cure them of this vice.

I now moved towards the door, and got into a crowd of beaux and of belles, and into a confusion of tongues. The broken sentences which came to my ear from different quarters, were ridiculous enough. Lady Racket was discoursing about a new novel; Sir. Wetherby Jostle was holding forth on horse-racing; a new member was affecting the ministerial tone, and laying down the law to a deaf dowager who had the best of it, for she was paying attention to an antiquated Exquisite the whole time. Mrs. Marvellous told me that Lady T—— was

ruined, and that she owed her butler a thousand guineas. "Lady Longtick has made a good thing of it to-night," whispered Lady R——'s maiden aunt to a young Guardsman, "her dress-maker will now have a chance of being paid."

"A complete hoax! the majority was certain," broke upon my ear from another quarter.—"A love-match upon my honour," observed an Insipid, lolling on the arm of a couch.—"A maiden speech," observed a Member of Parliament to a gouty Bishop. "Not an honour in the world," echoed from a neighbouring card-table, whilst Count Mainville was talking politics, and Sir Harry was saying the most gallant things imaginable to the Lincolnshire heiress.

Lady Lovemore passed by at this moment convulsed with rage, but bridling her temper as well as she could. She had not only lost at cards, but perceived a happy rival in the affections of the Colonel, to whom she was paying the warmest assiduities, and her rival had smiled contemptuous pity upon her. Lady Racket seemed to enjoy the defeat of

Lady Lovemore. "I fear your Ladyship is not well," said she to her in an assumed tone of pity and of kindness. "A sick headache distracts me," answered Lady Lovemore, and flounced away quite unattended; which circumstance was observed, with different remarks and comments from half-a-dozen quarters at once. How little charity one female has for another at any time! thought I; and at cards indeed, the quality is annihilated altogether.

I now perceived Sir Herbert, who had been looking over his wife's play, and must have been giving her some unwelcome hints. "Did I play ill in trumping?" sweetly and softly she inquired, in a silvery tone. "Not at all," replied he, sharply: "if you wished to lose you could not play better." She gently raised up her shoulders, and heaving a sigh, said, "my dear, I am sorry for it." "It's always the same," exclaimed he; and broke unkindly away from her. What a pity that a few hearts and clubs, villanously painted upon the surface of a card, should occasion such contending

passions, should show such dissensions, and imbitter the hours of so many rational beings, —that a card played out of place or without judgment should mar the domestic felicity of an otherwise happy couple; and that Lady Maxton should persevere in playing, without any abatement of ill-fortune abroad, or of ill-humour and reproach at home!

I now perceived a number of the *beau monde* going to their carriages, and upon striking my repeater, found that it was four o'clock. Thus were four hours consumed when I retired to rest; but the countenances at the loo table, were before my eyes in my dream, and I longed to be able to give a little advice to the fair creatures, whose figures thus, even in his sleep, haunted

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° XVII.

WILD OATS.

J'ai sans doute reçu du Ciel un génie assez beau pour toutes les fabriques de ces gentillesses d'esprit, de ces galanteries ingénieuses à qui le vulgaire ignorant donne le nom de Fourberies; et je puis dire sans vanité, qu'on n'a guères vu d'homme qui fut plus habile ouvrier de ressorts et d'intrigues.

MOLIERE.

WILD OATS.

"Is old Ten-per-Cent. up?" said a wild young dog, a distant relation of mine, to the housemaid of my banker, as she was scrubbing the parlour stove. 'No, Mr. Thomas,' replied Dolly; 'but I expect him down every minute.' "Then," said Scapegrace, "if he come before I have had time to change my clothes, tell him that I am gone out to Lord ————'s, to inform him that he has overdrawn us, and to hint to him that it is our time of balancing all our accounts; and, my dear Doll."—'Oh you gay deceiver!' "I say, my dear Doll, you took your wages yesterday; do lend me a pound to appease my washerwoman with." It was lent.

My nephew, Thomas, is the third son of a clergyman's widow, in very poor circumstances; and I thought that I had done a charitable act in getting him the situation of a banker's clerk.

He now pulled off his Bond Street coat, divested himself of his dress shoes, his diamond broach, his massy gold rings, ribband and quizzing glass set in gold, hid his enamelled snuff-box, took off his gold chain and dozen seals to his watch, locked up his opera hat and cockade, (he not belonging to any corps) and put on a full suit of black, rather the worse for wear, clapped the pen behind his ear, and went down to the counting-house. His looks he could not so easily lay aside, for he was heated and fatigued with waltzing all night at the Crown and Anchor.

"You look as if you had not been in bed," exclaimed old Turnpenny, on entering the room. 'Why, Sir,' replied the young reprobate, 'I have not slept a wink all night: I have been thinking how much we shall lose by the House of Vanderfunken-

buttle and Co. and counting the many bad debts which we have. I think it would be meet (here he heaved a sigh) to arrest the young wine-merchant. I think that he is going on a little too fast: he keeps a tilbury and a lady (here he heaved a deeper sigh), and he owes us two hundred. I have reasons for doubting the stability of the new country bank; and I tremble for our discounting any more of the Welch Baronet's kites.'

"Good, Thomas," said his master, "you are a conscientious youth; and I will take you into the firm at Lady-day." 'I hope sir,' replied Tom, 'you know that I am as anxious for your interest as if it were my own.' "Right, Tom; every clerk should be so; besides one hundred per annum is a handsome allowance; but, in future, when you are my partner, you will have a sixth o all my profits." Tom was overcome with gratitude.

"I cannot," resumed the old gentleman, "trust those rascals, my other clerks, who will spend you a five pound note on a Sun-

day." (Thomas gave a groan.) 'Aye, sir, and ten pounds—hack horse, tavern dinner—treat a lady to an ice, and a little-go besides.' "Shocking!" cried the old man. "Fare thee well, Thomas; take out a writ against the wine-merchant; stop the Baronet's credit; wind up the concerns with the country bank; and write circulars to all who owe us money; lend the life-guard officer that money at ten per cent.; and take a walk into the city to find how all our customers stand with regard to credit." 'It shall be done,' replied Mr. Thomas.

Now this embryo partner, this steady young man upon one hundred per annum, keeps a tilbury at the west end of the town; a groom also; goes every night half-price to the play; looks in at No. 66, St. James's Street, occasionally, and owes his tailor three hundred pounds. This is done by representing himself as on the eve of being a partner in the firm; by giving out to another creditor that he is going to marry Miss Muckworm, with a large fortune; by doing a bill occasionally in private, and unknown

to the firm; by making love to his washerwoman; by hinting at matrimony to Doll each time that he borrows a pound of her, or that she sits up to let him in at three, four, or five in the morning; by giving intelligence to young men when the old banker means to arrest them; by taking a douceur from them, when they keep out of the way; by treating his tradesmen with old Turnpenny's wine, he keeping the key of the cellar; and by laying the deficit on a rat which he hunted through the bottles, or on a brick which fell down, but which he really picks out of the arch and throws upon the empty ones.

These and a number more ingenious tricks have kept him from detection; but "there is a tide in the affairs of man;" and it is much to be apprehended that the storm will burst upon him ere the partnership be entered into:—for his duns are beginning to be very clamorous, and the coachman is jealous of the clerk, and the washerwoman is jealous of Doll; the groom has found out Thomas's real name, and where he lives, though he

passed himself off for a Waterloo hero, and pretended to reside a little way in the country with his lady. The arrears of the groom's wages militate against his secrecy, and the livery stable keeper has threatened to sell the horse for his keep. The business is near a close. He will be a partner or prisoner ere it be long. May his confraternity take the hint thus afforded them by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N° XVIII.

THE ROMANCE.

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!

YOUNG.

THE ROMANCE.

I HAD frequently remarked two very lovely sisters quit their carriage in Hyde Park to enter Kensington Gardens, there to remain four hours, during which their carriage was kept waiting, and then to return in apparent low spirits. What seemed most extraordinary to me was, that from the moment they entered the gardens until that of their reaching their carriage, they were no where to be seen; for I sometimes sauntered for an hour there, but never met them in any direction whatever.

One day I was determined to watch them more closely, and I perceived them dash into the thickest shade of the trees, and there

hide themselves. I sat down in one of the alcoves, and read my journal of the day before, my newspaper, and some letters which I had received by the post. I continued for about an hour more in one of my reveries, making in all about two hours, when, skirting the wood in my way to return by the shortest cut across the gardens, I perceived them through the light quivering shade of umbrageous branches, seated on the ground and bathed in tears.

A thousand apprehensions rushed across my mind, and I was resolved to accost them, to inquire the cause of their distress, and to offer my aid, under whatever circumstances they might be. They were so absorbed in grief, that they did not perceive me until I was close to them, when one of them gave a loud shriek, which alarmed me in my turn, and immediately both flew off like startled deer, leaving a cambric pocket handkerchief and an open book behind them.

Never did Daphne fly more precipitately nor more panic-struck from Apollo, than these sister beauties did from me; but I was

no Apollo, no love-sick nor moon-struck lover, no winged messenger of love, neither inclined nor able to give chace to youth and beauty. I regretted my temerity, and picked up the trophies, which now became mine, on the field (not of fight, but) of flight. In vain did I motion them to return, or to allow me to restore them their forfeited property. In vain did the powder, flying from my hair, bespeak me to be an elderly gentleman; in vain did I wave the white handkerchief in signal of peace, and as a motive for their return. They never turned their heads to the right or to the left; but in a few seconds shewed me how weak and how tardy is age when attempting the pursuit of youth.

This of itself served as a wholesome lesson, for it was a practical one, which taught me, more forcibly than ever, that old men should not run after young women. The attempt is always a lame one, and attended with failure or disgrace.

My reason now brought me up, and I called myself an old fool for thus intimidating these defenceless females, and for being the

cause of their losing the source of their amusement and instruction, as well as a small portion of their property. My next reflection was, that wherever I met these ladies they might mistake me for a brutal intruder, and that the purity of my motives for disturbing them would never be known to them; nay more, it might be doubted or even entirely misconstrued. The mark on the handkerchief might perhaps lead to a discovery of their name or of their abode, or both might be written on the first leaf of the book! Yet even were it so, should I not further offend by sending the articles home? Perhaps I might involve them in some unpleasant affair, bring on them some parental severity, or expose them to unfavourable reflections.

Ridiculous as it may appear, I was in a most painful dilemma. "Women," said I, "are always perplexing and getting men into scrapes. Nay, even an old bachelor and a *soi-disant* hermit cannot escape their witchcraft. What had I to do with watching beauties of their age, or any beauties at all? I wish, from the bottom of my heart,

that I had not fallen into possession of this pocket-handkerchief and book; and yet if I leave them here, they may lead to some exposure of which I am not now aware. Would that there were no women in the world, torments to man! Perche," repeated I to myself, (remembering my first reading of Orlando Furioso, and meditating on the effect which it produced on my young mind),

" Perche fatto no ha l'alma natura
" Che senza to potesse nascer l'huomo,
" Come s'inesta per umuna cura
" L'un sopra l'altro il pero, il sorbo e'l pomo ? "

The answer which suggested itself immediately to my mind, was

" Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
" For this same reason—man is not a fly."

Satisfied with this, I was contented to belong to the intellectual animal world, with all its frailties and infirmities, and begged woman's pardon for the rash sentence I had just uttered. I now proceeded to examine the handkerchief and the book. The for-

mer gave no other means of tracing it to its owner, than a romantic name marked in fine glossy black hair, with a heart under it. The name was Seraphina! The book belonged to a circulating library in the neighbourhood of Portland Place. It was a romance the most romantic, a most tragical tragedy, an account of love and of adventure, of constancy and of sufferings, of imprisoned Lady and adventurous Knight, and, finally, of insanity and of death!

According to this story, the Knight Aldebert is at last drowned in crossing a frightful river, in a tempest of thunder and of lightning, in company with his faithful Squire Fidele, in the enterprise of rescuing Gertrude from a lonely dungeon, where her inexorable father, the Baron Fitzallan, has shut her up, previous to his forcing her to take the veil, and all this because she will not give her hand to Don Pedro Emanuel Feliz de Alvarez, a Grand Espagnol of the first class. The faithful Knight fixes his signet ring to his cloak, which, floating on shore, or rather against the battlements of the tower, is picked

up by Gertrude, who instantly runs mad, whilst the Baron stabs himself for rage and despair.

All this, however, is, after such escapes from shipwreck and from starvation, such captures and re-captures, such dwelling on an (until then) uninhabited island, such dangers by land and sea, and such trials of love and of constancy as never were invented before, and, much less, ever occurred. The leaf which contained the deep catastrophe was bedewed with tears; and a number of amatory remarks and allusions were pencilled on the margin in a female hand. On one leaf was the following sentiment:

> "Happy are they who die for love,
> "United they must be above."

Not admiring either the poetry or the sentiment of these lines, nor seeing the ratio puare they must be united above, I could easily perceive the dangerous tendency of romance, and the effect which it had produced on these heated imaginations.

I however despaired of ever being able to

discover these heroines; when it struck me, that by returning the book to the library, some light might be thrown on the subject. I did so accordingly, and, without any trouble, the officious shopman immediately divulged the name, by saying, "My master's duty to Miss Whimper, and we are sorry we cannot find any thing deep enough for her perusal at present; but there is a novel on the stocks, translated from the German, entitled, 'The Self-immolated Victim, or Vilhelm the tender-hearted Robber,' will just suit the young ladies; and the moment it comes from the press, it shall be sent to Duchess Street, Portland Place."

I had now the name and the address of my fair friends, and it was easy to enquire into further particulars. The result of these inquiries was, that Mrs. Whimper (the mother) was a widow, given up to parties and pleasure; to cards and late hours; and that her family, of which these two young ladies were the eldest, and which included four more children, was either in the nursery

or at school. This circumstance militated against the matrimonial promotion of a comely mother. In order, however, to give her an air of youth, and to prevent competition, Mary and Elizabeth were kept until fourteen in the nursery, and, until the present moment, in the utmost seclusion; the former being seventeen and the latter not quite eighteen.

Plain dress, distance from company, and rigid severity, excluded them from society; but a circulating library, accommodating servants, loneliness, warmth of constitution, and an abandonment to themselves, had allowed these tender plants, like unpruned trees, to shoot out into the wildest directions, to put forth the most undirected, uncontrolled luxuriance of growth, to waste their exuberance of ideas in the richest (if I may be allowed the expression) infertility of extension, to lose themselves amidst the weeds of fiction, fastening upon the specious flowers of description and the flashes of impassioned feeling, which make the great charm of works of fancy. So wedded were

they now to romance, that the one assumed the name of Seraphina, and the other took that of Blanche; they passed whole nights by the wasting taper, over the romantic pages of love and of chivalry; and they fled precipitately, like "stricken deer," to their feverish couch, at the thundering knock of mamma, returned from an "at home," a masquerade, or a quadrille ball, from all of which these overgrown children were proscribed.

Mamma always lay until three P.M. but the Misses were ordered regularly to take their airing at one. Loaded with novels and with romance, they sallied forth and sought the darkness of the grove, in order to live an imaginary existence. They were confined for the rest of the day to their apartments; where open windows, the Æolian harp, sighed songs, mouthed declamation, two veiled figures placed at a balcony, and a Spanish guitar, attracted attention, misled calculation, announced the wandering of the heart and of the mind, and—it will be well if that be all. A defect of education, maternal

neglect, a pleasurable mother, and a circulating library, go a great way towards female ruin, for

"The vine luxurious, if neglected, lies
"Prone on the earth, and unsupported dies.—
"So dawning reason in a youthful mind
"Remains inactive, dormant, and confin'd,
"Till education calls its virtues forth,
"Extends its prospects and makes known its worth,
"Corrects, improves, inspires the human soul,
"Completes the man, and finishes the whole."

My warmest solicitude is excited for these youthful wanderers in error. Their lady mother will have much to reproach herself with, if any domestic calamity should occur in her family.

N° XIX.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

Il me tarde de voir notre Assemblée ouverte,
Et de nous signaler par quelque découverte.
Nous approfondirons, ainsi que la Physique,
Grammaire, Histoire, Vers, Morale, et Politique.

Les Femmes Sçavantes. MOLIERE.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

I MET Mrs. Montagu Marionville at a fashionable bookseller's the other day. She was expatiating on Lady Laura Learnedlore's exquisite conversazione, as she was pleased to term it. On perceiving me, she gave me her hand, and was good enough to say, that she very much regretted my not being there. I thanked her, and requested to know what were the chief attractions of the evening,—who was there,—and whether it was the company, the conversation, or both, which formed that night's peculiar charms? "Both," exclaimed she, delighted. "There was a great union of talent, novelty, and vast information. Besides all the old set,

there were, Sir Alexander Alkali, one of our first gentleman chymists; Varnish the painter, just returned from Rome; Sir Robert Euphony, a most profound Greek scholar, who exhibited the first possible example of memory, by repeating three hundred lines from Sophocles without missing a word:—it is true I did not understand it, nor did Lady Ruin and her knot of blues, but I am convinced by the —— *bominas* and the *ominas*, that it must be very sublime.

"Then we had Mr. Architrave, who described the shaft of a broken column to us with such energy, that it seemed to rise stately to our view, and I actually thought myself either in Greece or at Herculaneum.

"We had moreover Mr. Dactyllus the poet (the bard, I ought to say), and Chatterini the Improvisatore, who made an elegant little impromptu on Lady Hardcastle's lapdog. Mr. Dactyllus is a delightful man! —quite the Roman: his hair was cut exactly like the statue of Brutus, and a thin cambric cravat, so loose as to fall on his shoulders, gave us an opportunity of seeing a

fine muscular neck, similar to that of the Gladiator. He is certainly a little touched in his upper story; but that gives all the more energy and fancy to his lines. What fine flights of imagination are in his Ode addressed to the Moon! and then again, what descriptive alliteration in the line, where he addresses her as

"Mild meditation's melancholy maid!"

"Doctor Dabble was likewise of our party, he has invented a new and speedy cure for the globus hystericus. And there was also Miss Fanny Fermor, the greatest botanist in England. She recited some beautiful lines on the Polyandria monogynia, and shewed us the finest rhododendron I ever beheld!

"Lord Gothic, too, came in about midnight: he is a disciple of Gall's. His Lordship enlightened us much: he demonstrated the organ of theography very clearly on the head of a child; and assured me, that I ought to have been a builder, for he never saw the organ of constructiveness so determined as on my cranium. That of destructiveness was

as distinct on the German Marshal Baron Vonklinkencattendundertromp. But he got rather into a scrape, by wishing to shew the organ of inventiveness on Lady Laura; for she wears a wig, therefore of course it was impossible for her to allow his Lordship to touch on that head.

"We inspected some beautiful alto and basso relievos, many intaglios, cameos, medals, and coins. We looked over a choice portfolio, and saw some curious specimens of geology. Lady Laura has purchased a superb Etruscan vase, and has had a present made to her of some more mosaic. The Doctor shewed us his new snuff-box of lava elegantly set; and the Italian brought a curious picture for sale.

"The hours in short passed so swiftly away, that it was two o'clock before I could look round me; I then ordered my chair, took a wafer and a glass of lemonade, and retired to bed. The celebrated actor Monologue handed me to my chair, and promised to introduce me to that most delightful of all creatures Mr. Flaxman, also to a Mr. ——,

I forget his name, who is writing a new system of Physiognomy, and a treatise on the Clouds, where there are strata and tumuli, mountains, paths, and I don't know what besides; so that by and by we shall be as much at home in the clouds as we are now in the stars. Oh! science, thou divine gift! how I do love learning and learned men! This was indeed an evening of *virtu*—a conversazione worthy of being remembered and recorded—the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

She was running on, when one of the shopmen produced a very splendid book open. "Oh! ye powers!" exclaimed she, ready to drop with admiration, "what a margin!!!" I looked at the book, and saw a very few lines finely printed in the middle of each page, with the broadest margin I ever beheld. Mrs. Marionville was resolved to purchase it, be the price what it might; and this diversion drew her attention off from me, and ridded me from hearing any thing more about the conversazione.

On my way home, I reflected how many

ways there were of conjuring a man's money out of his pocket in a gentleman-like and apparently sensible way — without squandering it on vice, cards, dice, dogs, horses, and trinkets. But the following list presents as many roads to ruin as would (taken together) pay the national debt: paintings—architecture and a taste for building—coins—medals — antiquities — chemistry — encouraging of foreigners and the arts, and buying rare and expensive books. To this may be added, a rage for purchasing chronometers: but that is a passion chiefly consigned to a very high personage, and if he learn from it the value of time, it may be considered a very profitable pursuit.

In book buying, it is curious enough that the book and not the author furnishes the attraction, so that Pope was quite correct in saying, "In books, not authors, curious is my lord." A book printed on vellum, or with gilt letters, or illuminated (as it is called by those who are only enlightened by such illuminations,) or a book of ancient date, be its contents ever so stupid or uninteresting,

is all the charm necessary; for such works are bought, not to be read, but to be looked at. As for me, I have always held that "The proper study of mankind is man," but in order to see him as he really is, I have studied his actions more than his professions, and it is the result of many years observation that enables me to present my readers with the lucubrations, such as they are, of their friend,

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END OF VOL. I.

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